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Scene 1—Room in Lezzard's House.	HANN	Scene 1—Nance's Lodgings.	HANN
2—Green Riddy Farm.	"	2—The Rats' Roost.	"
ACT II.		3—Twite's Cosy.	"
Scene 1—Parlour of the "Crooked Billet."	HANN	4—Inspector Jermin's Office.	"
2—Back of the Farm House.	"	5—The Silent Highway.	"
3—The Spinney.	"	ACT IV.	
4—Room in Green Riddy Farm House.	"	Scene 1—Street in Abbot's Creslow.	HANN
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"At the Prince's Theatre yesterday evening there was a change of programme, Miss Marie De Grey appearing as Juliet in 'Romeo and Juliet,' a play of which we do not see too much nowadays. Miss De Grey presents a powerful and sympathetic portrait of Shakespeare's heroine, and plays the part throughout with great effect. In the more impassioned scenes, when the tragic intensity of the situations approaches the climax, she rises to the part splendidly. Her impersonation is one of great artistic merit, and was warmly appreciated by the audience last night."—BRADFORD OBSERVER.

"Miss De Grey played the part of Jane Shore. She rendered the part with grace and effect, and at the close of every act she was recalled and loudly applauded."—LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.

"Miss De Grey and her excellent company gave their second performance of the present visit at Plymouth Theatre last evening, the piece presented being 'Romeo and Juliet.' Juliet is a character Miss De Grey has carefully studied, and she is endowed with those qualities as an actress which enable her to do the fullest justice to Shakespeare's famous creation. The audience appeared delighted with the performance of last evening, and after the difficult scene where Juliet takes the potion, Miss De Grey was loudly called before the curtain."—WESTERN MORNING NEWS.

"I must record the success of Miss Marie De Grey's Company at the Corinthian. Those who remember Miss De Grey in Calcutta a few years ago must be astonished at the vast improvement hard, steady, and constant practice have made in her powers as an actress. On her first visit it was the attraction of her beauty rather than her talent as an actress that she seemed to rely upon. Now we have before us the finished actress, identifying herself with her character in a manner that shows the natural talent for acting she must have always possessed, and unconscious of those personal attractions which make so great an adjunct to the performances of any actress."—CALCUTTA ENGLISHMAN.

"Miss De Grey appears to have 'caught on' very firmly at Oldham this week. A large audience, and any amount of enthusiasm, attended her performance of 'Woman against Woman' on Monday; and though the actress palpably suffered from a very severe cold, she acted with great dramatic power and effectiveness. Her elocution has improved considerably since her successful Indian tour, and is now remarkably clear and distinct, whilst her performance was marked by true artistic feeling and intelligence."—MANCHESTER SPORTING CHRONICLE.

"Miss Marie De Grey, who, with a very good company, has been entertaining appreciative audiences at Her Majesty's Theatre this week, took her benefit last night. There was a good house, and the performance throughout was excellent in all respects. Miss De Grey, as Juliet, displayed not only all her native grace and love of accuracy, but an ideal appreciation of her art, which reflected very creditably upon the actress, and which unmistakably found a hearty response in every part of the house. In the earlier acts she displayed an *abandon* in her work, such marks of earnest study which were carefully observed and warmly applauded at every point. At the close of the fourth act, the curtain having just fallen on the very trying 'Potion Scene,' she was called, with long-continued applause, to the front."—ABERDEEN JOURNAL.

"This clever young actress appeared at the Theatre Royal, on Tuesday evening, in 'As You Like It,' before an excellent audience, and by her impersonation of Rosalind unquestionably showed that she may be accounted one of the best living exponents of that difficult character. With youth, beauty, and a good figure in her favour, Miss De Grey is in every way adapted to represent the love-sick heroine. Her success in this part, however, does not alone depend upon these acquisites, but rather upon a clear conception of the spirit of the comedy, and a studious discrimination between the comic and the serious situations."—SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT.

"In the part of Lady Teazle Miss Marie De Grey showed notable grace and intelligence, and, while decidedly successful in bantering Sir Peter, acquitted herself creditably of that more difficult scene where the cue is to represent the triumph of wifely virtue over designing sophistry, and no less so in the penitential declaration after the fall of the screen, into which she threw the ring of genuine feeling."—EDINBURGH SCOTSMAN.

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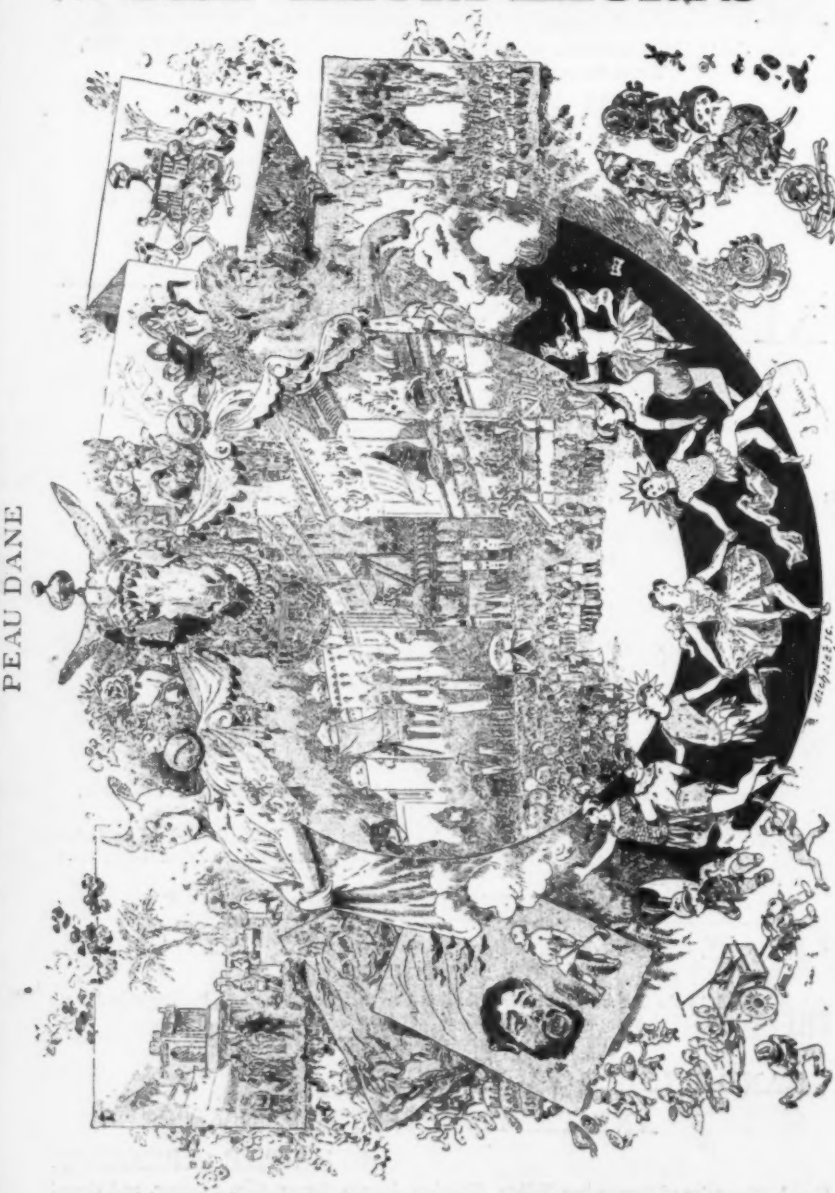

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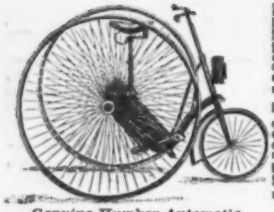

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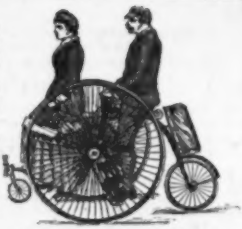

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The Era Almanack and Annual.

1886.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD LEDGER.

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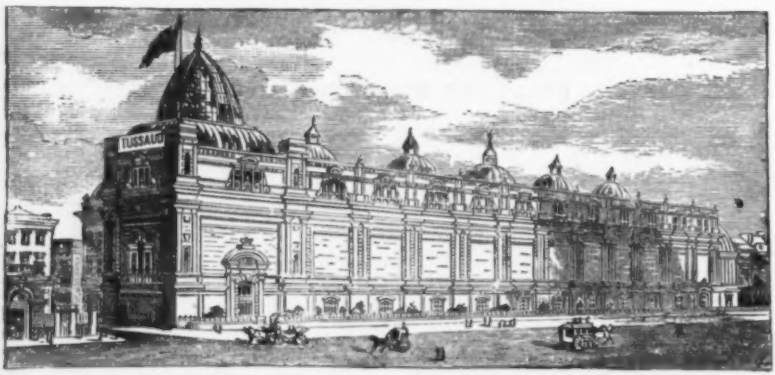

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Princess Beatrice

AND

Prince Henry of Battenberg.

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JANUARY.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Jan. 5. New Moon, 7h. 44m. a.m.
13. First Quarter, 0h. 24m. p.m.
20. Full Moon, 7h. 43m. a.m.
27. Last Quarter, 1h. 31m. a.m.

"Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I'll put it in the pocket of my gown."
JULIUS CÆSAR, act iv., scene 3.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	F	The Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, burned down, 1873.	8 8R
2	S	First Sixpenny day at Crystal Palace, 1876, when 8,287 persons paid.	4 1s
3	S	2ND AFTER CHRISTMAS.	8 8R
4	M	The Savoy Theatre lighted by Electricity throughout, 1882.	4 3s
5	Tu	New Grand Opera House at Paris opened, 1875.	8 8R
6	W	The Old Plymouth Theatre burned down, 1863.	4 5s
7	Th	Marriage of the Aztecs at St. George's, Hanover Square, 1867.	8 7R
8	F	Plays performed in London on Sundays out of prayer hours, 1578.	4 8s
9	S	Patrick O'Brien, nearly nine feet high, last exhibited in London, 1804.	8 6R
10	S	1ST AFTER EPIPHANY.	4 11s
11	M	Sam Scott, the American Diver, hung himself on Waterloo Bridge, 1841.	8 5R
12	Tu	Equestrian Performances introduced at the Lyceum, 1844.	4 14s
13	W	Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, burned down, 1865.	8 3R
14	Th	Prince of Wales's Theatre, Glasgow, burned down, 1869. [Suit, 1885.	4 17s
15	F	Mr. Maskelyne awarded £10,000 damages in the Irving *v.* Bishop Libel	8 2R
16	S	The first Theatrical Benefit ever granted taken by Mrs. Barry, 1687.	4 20s
17	S	2ND AFTER EPIPHANY.	8 0R
18	M	The Prince's Theatre opened by Mr. Edgar Bruce, 1884.	4 23s
19	Tu	Royal Albert Hall, Glasgow, burned down, 1876.	7 58R
20	W	Lusby's Music Hall, Mile End Road, burned down, 1884.	4 26s
21	Th	The Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, finally closed, 1882.	7 56R
22	F	Opening of the Royal Westminster Aquarium, 1876.	4 30s
23	S	First Patent granted to Actors by Queen Elizabeth, 1574.	7 54R
24	S	3RD AFTER EPIPHANY.	4 33s
25	M	Opening of the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, 1871.	7 51R
26	Tu	New Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, opened, 1876.	4 37s
27	W	Charing Cross Station illuminated by the Electric Light, 1881.	7 48R
28	Th	All Stage Plays suppressed by the Puritans, 1632.	4 40s
29	F	Meeting at St. James's Palace to found a Royal College of Music, 1882.	7 46R
30	S	Circular issued by the Lord Chamberlain respecting ballet costumes, 1369.	4 44s
31	S	4TH AFTER EPIPHANY.	7 43R

THE CALENDAR.

The year 1886 is the latter part of the 5646th and the beginning of the 5647th year, according to Jewish computation, since the creation of the world. The year 5647 of the Jewish Era commences on September 30, 1886. The year 1886 answers to the 6599th of the Julian Period and to the 2662nd from the Foundation of Rome. The year 1304 of the Mohammedan Era commences on September 30, 1886; and Ramadan, the month of abstinence observed by the Turks, on June 3, 1886.

FEBRUARY.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Feb. 4. New Moon, 3h. 15m. a.m.
12. First Quarter, 2h. 46m. a.m.
Feb. 18. Full Moon, 6h. 15m. p.m.
25. Last Quarter, 5h. 11m. p.m.

"Every time serves for the matter that is born in it."
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	M	Glasgow Theatre Royal again burned down, 1879.	7 41R.
2	Tu	Stalls first introduced into English Theatres by Alfred Bunn, 1833.	4 49s
3	W	Stage playing prohibited as seditious, 1549.	7 38R
4	Th	Frost Fair on the Thames, 1814.	4 53s
5	F	Jenny Lind married Otto Goldschmidt at Boston, America, 1852.	7 35R
6	S	Exeter Theatre burned, 1885.	4 56s
7	S	5TH AFTER EPIPHANY.	7 31R
8	M	*Lohengrin* first performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, 1880.	5 0s
9	Tu	Dublin Theatre Royal burned down in the afternoon, 1880.	7 28R
10	W	Oxford Music Hall partially destroyed by fire, 1868.	5 4s
11	Th	The first Patent passed creating a Master of the Revels, 1545.	7 24R
12	F	St. Martin's Music Hall, Long Acre, opened, 1850.	5 7s
13	S	The Old Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel, burned down, 1856.	7 20R
14	S	6TH AFTER EPIPHANY.	5 11s
15	M	The Huddersfield Theatre burned down, 1880.	7 17R
16	Tu	American Theatre, San Francisco, burned down, 1868.	5 15s
17	W	Panic at Dunlop Street Theatre, Glasgow, 65 persons killed, 1849.	7 13R
18	Th	Sudden closing of Covent Garden Theatre by English Opera Co'y., 1866.	5 18s
19	F	Funeral of Herr Wagner at Bayreuth, 1883.	7 9R
20	S	Horses first introduced on Covent Garden stage in *Bluebeard*, 1811.	5 22s
21	S	SEPTUAGESIMA.	7 5R
22	M	The City Theatre, Milton Street, Cripplegate, first opened, 1830.	5 26s
23	Tu	*The Peri of Peru* declared an illegal entertainment at the Canterbury, 1880.	7 1R
24	W	Mr. Chippendale's Farewell Benefit at the Lyceum, 1879.	5 29s
25	Th	The Garrick Club opened in King Street, Covent Garden, 1831.	6 56R
26	F	Macready's Farewell Benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, 1851.	5 33s
27	S	Exeter Hall first opened, 1831.	6 52R
28	S	SEXAGESIMA.	5 36s

ECLIPSES, 1886.

In the year 1886 there will be two eclipses, both of the Sun.

I.—An annular Eclipse of the Sun, March 5th–6th, 1886, invisible at Greenwich. This eclipse is visible throughout the Western half of Australia, Papua, New Zealand, the central zone of the North and South Pacific Oceans, nearly the whole of the United States, Central America, and Cuba.

II.—A total Eclipse of the Sun, August 29th, 1886, invisible at Greenwich. This eclipse is visible in the Eastern portion of the United States, Central America, the West Indies, the Northern half of South America, the North and South Atlantic Oceans, the whole of Africa South of a line joining the Straits of Gibraltar and the Gulf of Aden, and Madagascar.

LAW SITTINGS.

Hilary ..... begins Jan. 11 ..... ends April 25.
Easter ..... begins May 4 ..... ends June 11.
Trinity ..... begins June 22..... ends Aug. 12.
Michaelmas .. begins Nov. 2 ..... ends Dec. 21.

MARCH.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

March 5. New Moon, 10h. 4m. p.m.
13. First Quarter, 1h. 17m. p.m.
20. Full Moon, 4h. 37m. a.m.
28. Last Quarter, 10h. 44m. a.m.

"Thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once. But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way."
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, act. v., scene 3.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	M	The Great Compton Benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, 1877.	6 48R
2	Tu	Benjamin Webster's Complimentary Benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, 1874.	5 40S
3	W	Barnum's Museum and Theatre, New York, burned down, 1868.	6 44R
4	Th	The first Oratorio performed at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, 1732.	5 43S
5	F	Covent Garden Theatre burned down, 1856.	6 39R
6	S	The first Playhouse, called "The Theatre," erected in Shoreditch, 1570.	5 47S
7	S	QUINQUAGESIMA.	6 35R
8	M	Weber first conducted *Der Freyschütz* at Covent Garden Theatre, 1826.	5 50S
9	Tu	Dramatic Dinner to the late Lord Mayor Cotton at Willis's Rooms, 1877.	6 30R
10	W	ASH WEDNESDAY. London Theatres allowed to open for the first time on	5 54S
11	Th	Weston's Music Hall, Holborn, sold for £16,000, 1866. [this day, 1886.	6 26R
12	F	The Third Drury Lane Theatre opened, 1794.	5 57S
13	S	Southminster Theatre, Edinburgh, burned down, 1875.	6 21R
14	S	1ST IN LENT.	6 1S
15	M	Surrey Theatre, Sheffield, burned down, 1865.	6 17R
16	Tu	East London Theatre burned down, 1879.	6 4S
17	W	Oxford Music Hall rebuilt and reopened, 1873.	6 12R
18	Th	Elephant and Castle Theatre sold by auction for £2,750, 1875.	6 7S
19	F	"The Oxford" first opened with a Grand Inaugural Concert, 1861.	6 8R
20	S	Oxford Music Hall, Brighton, burned down, 1867.	6 11S
21	S	2ND IN LENT.	6 3R
22	M	John Baum retired from Management of The Alhambra, 1875.	6 14S
23	Tu	Opera House at Nice burned down, 1881, loss of 62 lives.	5 59R
24	W	"Jumbo," the African Elephant, shipped to New York, 1882.	6 18S
25	Th	Last night of the London Pavilion, Piccadilly, 1885.	5 54R
26	F	The "Compton Benefit" at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, 1877.	6 21S
27	S	City of London Theatre, Norton Folgate, first opened, 1837.	5 49R
28	S	3RD IN LENT.	6 24S
29	M	Opening of the Albert Hall, Kensington, 1871.	5 45R
30	Tu	The Newington Butts Theatre erected, 1580.	6 28S
31	W	Hungerford Hall, Hungerford Market, burned down, 1854.	5 40R

UNIVERSITY TERMS.

OXFORD.			CAMBRIDGE.		
Lent	begins Jan. 14	ends April 17.	Lent	begins Jan. 8	ends April 5.
Easter	begins Apr. 28	ends June 11.	Easter	begins April 27	ends June 24.
Trinity	begins June 12	ends July 6.	Michaelmas	begins Oct. 1	ends Dec. 19.
Michaelmas	begins Oct. 10	ends Dec. 17.			

Oxford Trinity Term usually ends on the Saturday after the first Tuesday in July, but may be continued longer by congregation.

APRIL.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

April 4. New Moon, 2h. 31m. p.m.
11. First Quarter, 8h. 44m. p.m.
18. Full Moon, 2h. 59m. p.m.
26. Last Quarter, 5h. 16m. a.m.

"Sweet April! Many a thought
Is wedded to thee as our hearts are wed,
Nor shall they fail till to its Autumn brought
Life's Golden Fruit is shed."—LONGFELLOW.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	TH	Signor Salvini's first appearance in England at Drury Lane Theatre, 1875.	5 38R
2	F	*Tom and Jerry* first produced in a dramatic form at Astley's, 1821.	6 33S
3	S	Greenwich Fair abolished, 1857.	5 34R
4	S	4TH IN LENT.	6 36S
5	M	Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh, burned down, 1877.	5 29R
6	TU	Covent Garden Theatre first opened as an Italian Opera House, 1847.	6 39S
7	W	Sale of the effects of the old "Beef Steak Club," 1869.	5 25R
8	TH	Foundation-stone laid of Booth's Theatre, New York, 1868.	6 43S
9	F	Leotard re-appeared at the Alhambra after two years' absence, 1868.	5 20R
10	S	Opening of Highbury Barn under E. T. Smith's management, 1871.	6 46S
11	S	5TH IN LENT.	5 16R
12	M	Risley's Troupe of Acrobats first appeared in London, at Lyceum, 1868.	6 49S
13	TU	"Verdi Festival" at Exeter Hall, under A. Mellon's direction, 1857.	5 11R
14	W	Theatres in London first opened during Passion Week, 1862.	6 53S
15	TH	Aquarium Theatre first opened by Mr. Edgar Bruce, 1876.	5 7R
16	F	Vaudeville Theatre, Strand, first opened, 1870.	6 56S
17	S	Return of Mr. Henry Irving to London from America, 1885.	5 3R
18	S	PALM SUNDAY.	6 59S
19	M	Madame Tussaud's Waxwork first exhibited at the Lyceum Theatre, 1802.	4 58R
20	TU	The Opera House, Hamilton, Canada, burned down, 1878.	7 2S
21	W	*George Barnwell* revived at a Gaiety morning performance, 1880.	4 54R
22	TH	381st and last night of *School* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, 1870.	7 6S
23	F	GOOD FRIDAY. William Shakespeare born, 1564; died 1616.	4 50R
24	S	Alhambra Palace first opened as a Theatre, 1871.	7 9S
25	S	EASTER DAY.	4 46R
26	M	EASTER MONDAY. BANK HOLIDAY. Globe Theatre, Bankside, opened, 1594.	7 12S
27	TU	The "Paris Garden Theatre" leased by Henslowe and Alleyne, 1592.	4 42R
28	W	Last night of the old "Sacred Harmonic Society," 1882.	7 16S
29	TH	"Welcome Home" Dinner given to Mr. Henry Irving at the Criterion, 1885.	4 38R
30	F	New Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields first opened, 1695.	7 19S

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THE QUEEN.—VICTORIA, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, &c., Queen, Defender of the Faith. Her Majesty was born at Kensington Palace, May 24, 1819; succeeded to the throne June 20, 1837, on the death of her uncle, King William IV.; was crowned June 28, 1838; and married, February 10, 1840, to his Royal Highness Prince Albert. Her Majesty is the only child of his late Royal Highness Edward, Duke of Kent, son of King George III. The children of Her Majesty are:

Her Royal Highness Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal of England and Prussia, born November 21, 1840, and married to his Royal Highness William, the Crown Prince of Germany, January 25, 1858, and has issue, living, three sons and four daughters.

His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born November 9, 1841; married, March 10, 1863, Alexandra of Denmark (Princess of Wales), born December 1, 1844, and has issue, Prince Albert Victor, born January 8, 1864, George Frederick Ernest Albert, born June 3, 1865; Louise Victoria

MAY.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

May 4. New Moon, 3h. 43m. a.m.
11. First Quarter, 2h. 20m. a.m.
18. Full Moon, 1h. 47m. a.m.
25. Last Quarter, 11h. 36m. p.m.

"Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing."—MILTON.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S rises and sets.
1	S	Opening of New Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, 1875.	4 34R
2	S	LOW SUNDAY.	7 22S
3	M	The Japanese Village, Knightsbridge, burned down, 1885.	4 31R
4	Tu	Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, burned down, 1883.	7 25S
5	W	Niblo's Theatre, New York, burned down, 1872.	4 27R
6	Th	Shakespeare becomes joint proprietor of the Blackfriars Theatre, 1589.	7 29S
7	F	Manchester Theatre Royal burned down, 1844.	4 24R
8	S	*The School for Scandal* produced at Drury Lane Theatre, 1777.	7 32S
9	S	2ND AFTER EASTER.	4 20R
10	M	The Great Riot at the Astor Opera House, New York, 1849.	7 35S
11	Tu	The Old Coburg Theatre first opened, 1818.	4 17R
12	W	Bagnigge Wells first opened as a place of public amusement, 1767.	7 38S
13	Th	Drop curtain burned at Princess's Theatre during *Richard II.*, 1857.	4 14R
14	F	Footmen admitted to gallery without charge by Manager Rich, 1697.	7 41S
15	S	Promenade Concerts at Holborn Amphitheatre commenced, 1869.	4 11R
16	S	3RD AFTER EASTER.	7 44S
17	M	Stadt Theatre, Vienna, burned down, 1884.	4 8R
18	Tu	Last night of Mrs. Rousby's season at the Queen's Theatre, 1878.	7 47S
19	W	The "Masque of Painters" at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, 1885.	4 5R
20	Th	New Paragon Theatre of Varieties, Mile End, opened, 1885.	7 50S
21	F	Alexandra Theatre, Highbury Barn, first opened, 1865.	4 2R
22	S	Floral Hall, Covent Garden, first opened to the public, 1861.	7 53S
23	S	4TH AFTER EASTER.	4 0R
24	M	Opening of the Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, 1873.	7 55S
25	Tu	Escape of the Captive Balloon from Cremorne Gardens, 1869.	3 58R
26	W	The Soho Theatre opened by Miss Fanny Kelly, 1840.	7 58S
27	Th	The Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street, burned down, 1829.	3 55R
28	F	Marriage of "The Midgets" at Manchester, 1884.	8 0S
29	S	Charles Kean last appeared on stage at Prince of Wales's, Liverpool, 1867.	3 53R
30	S	ROGATION SUNDAY.	8 3S
31	M	The Park Theatre, Camden Town, opened as the Alexandra Theatre, 1873.	3 52R

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

(CONTINUED.)

Alexandra Dagmar, born February 20, 1867; Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary, born July 6, 1868; and Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria, born November 26, 1869.

Her Royal Highness Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843; died December 14, 1878; married H.R.H. Prince Frederick Louis of Hesse, July 1, 1862; had issue five daughters and two sons; the second son died by an accident, May, 1873; the youngest daughter died November 15, 1878.

His Royal Highness Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, born August 6, 1844; married the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, January 23, 1874, and has had issue a son, born October 15, 1874, and four

JUNE.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

June 2. New Moon, 1h. 55m. p.m.
9. First Quarter, 7h. 27m. a.m.
16. Full Moon, 1h. 39m. p.m.
24. Last Quarter, 4h. 35m. p.m.

"Welcome bright June and all its smiling hours,
With song of birds and stir of leaves and wings,
And run of rills and bubble of cool springs,
And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers."—CORNELIUS WEBBE.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	Tu	Blondin first appeared in England, at Crystal Palace, 1861.	3 51R
2	W	Last night of the "Old Adelphi," 1858.	8 6s
3	Th	Sadler's Wells opened as "Sadler's Music House," 1683.	3 49R
4	F	East London Aquarium burned down, 1884.	8 8s
5	S	Opening of the Albert Palace, Battersea, 1885.	3 48R
6	S	SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.	8 10s
7	M	Vauxhall Gardens first opened, 1732.	3 47R
8	Tu	The "Buckstone Benefit" at Drury Lane, 1876. Receipts nearly £1,200.	8 11s
9	W	Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, burned down, 1873.	3 46R
10	Th	Crystal Palace, Sydenham, first opened, 1854.	8 13s
11	F	The Surrey Music Hall burned down, 1861.	3 45R
12	S	*Jonathan Bradford* produced at Surrey Theatre, 1833.	8 14s
13	S	WHITSUN DAY.	3 45R
14	M	WHIT MONDAY. BANK HOLIDAY. Eden Theatre, Brussels, opened 1880.	8 16s
15	Tu	Royal Assent given to the Dramatic Authors' Bill, 1833.	3 44R
16	W	177 children crushed to death at Victoria Hall, Sunderland, 1883.	8 17s
17	Th	Paganini gave his Farewell Concert at the Victoria Theatre, 1834.	3 44R
18	F	The entire series of Crystal Palace Fountains first played, 1856.	8 17s
19	S	The Charing Cross Theatre (now "Toole's") first opened, 1869.	3 44R
20	S	TRINITY SUNDAY.	8 18s
21	M	The old Royalty Theatre in Wellclose Square opened, 1787.	3 44R
22	Tu	Mdlle. Schneider first appeared in England, at St. James's Theatre, 1868.	8 18s
23	W	John Kemble's farewell of the stage as Coriolanus, T. R., C. G., 1817.	3 45R
24	Th	First performance of Myers's Hippodrome at Crystal Palace, 1876.	8 19s
25	F	"Half-price at nine o'clock" sanctioned by David Garrick, 1763.	3 46R
26	S	Sarah Bernhardt fined £6,000 in French Law Courts, 1880.	8 19s
27	S	1ST AFTER TRINITY.	3 46R
28	M	M. Latour killed at Tottenham by descent with parachute, 1854.	8 19s
29	Tu	*Hamlet* reached the 200th consecutive night at the Lyceum, 1875.	3 47R
30	W	Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, burned down, 1884.	8 18s

daughters, born October 29, 1575, November 25, 1876, September 1, 1878, and March, 1884.

Her Royal Highness Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1846; married to His Royal Highness Prince Frederick Christian Charles Augustus of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, July 1866, and has issue living two sons and two daughters.

Her Royal Highness Louisa Carolina Alberta, born March 18, 1848; married to the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, March 21, 1871.

His Royal Highness Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, born May 1, 1850; married Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, March 13, 1879; issue, a daughter, born January 16, 1882, and a son, born January 15, 1883.

His Royal Highness Leopold George Duncan Albert, Duke of Albany, born April 7, 1853; married April 27, 1882, Princess Helen of Waldeck; died March 29, 1884; issue, a daughter, born February 26, 1883, and a son, born July 19, 1884.

Her Royal Highness Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, born April 14, 1857.

Ernest Augustus William Adolphus George

JULY.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

July 1. New Moon, 10h. 7m. p.m.
8. First Quarter, 1h. 18m. p.m.
16. Full Moon, 3h. 9m. a.m.
July 24. Last Quarter, 7h. 21m. a.m.
31. New Moon, 5h. 26m. a.m.

"From brightening fields of ether, fair disclosed
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes.
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth,
He comes attended by the sultry hours."—THOMSON.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets
1	TH	The Coburg opened as "The Victoria," by Abbot and Egerton, 1833.	3 49R
2	F	"Set scenes," invented by De Loutherburgh, first used, 1777.	8 18S
3	S	Foundation-stone laid of New Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, 1867.	3 50R
4	S	2ND AFTER TRINITY.	8 17S
5	M	Duke's Theatre, Holborn, burned down, 1880.	3 52R
6	TU	James Crockett, "the Lion Tamer," died at Cincinnati, 1865, aged 45.	8 16S
7	W	Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund founded, 1855.	3 53R
8	TH	Sale of W. C. Macready's library, 1873; realised £1,392.	8 15S
9	F	Rotunda Theatre, Liverpool, burned down, 1877.	3 55R
10	S	Fatal accident to M. de Groof, the "Flying Man," 1874.	8 13S
11	S	3RD AFTER TRINITY.	3 57R
12	M	Amateur Pantomime of *William Tell* performed at Drury Lane, 1856.	8 12S
13	TU	First opening of the "Hall by the Sea," Margate, 1866.	3 59R
14	W	The present Lyceum Theatre first opened, 1834.	8 10S
15	TH	The present Haymarket Theatre first opened, 1821.	4 2R
16	F	William Farren's Farewell Benefit at Haymarket Theatre, 1855.	8 8S
17	S	The Bradford Theatre burned down, 1878.	4 4R
18	S	4TH AFTER TRINITY.	8 6S
19	M	Thousand Guinea Testimonial to George Grove, Crystal Palace, 1880.	4 7R
20	TU	Last night of the Bancroft management at the Haymarket, 1885.	8 3S
21	W	All female characters in plays first represented by women, 1662.	4 9R
22	TH	The Marylebone Gardens first opened with amusements, 1753.	8 1S
23	F	The Zouave "Crimean Company" first appear at Princess's Theatre, 1860.	4 12R
24	S	Madame Grisi's Farewell Benefit at Italian Opera, Covent Garden, 1861.	7 58S
25	S	5TH AFTER TRINITY.	4 14R
26	M	Arrival of Mr. J. L. Toole in New York, 1874.	7 56S
27	TU	Mdlle. Christine Nilsson married to M. Rouzeaud, 1872.	4 17R
28	W	The first playbill printed, 1633.	7 53S
29	TH	Marriage of Adelina Patti to Marquis de Caux, 1868.	4 20R
30	F	Theatre Royal, Jersey, burned down, 1863.	7 50S
31	S	Accident at Victoria Music Hall, Manchester, 23 killed, 1868.	4 23R

THE ROYAL FAMILY—CONTINUED.

Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, second cousin to Her Majesty, born September 21, 1845, married Princess Thyra of Denmark; has issue one daughter.

George Frederick William Charles, K.G., Duke of Cambridge, cousin to Her Majesty, born March 26, 1819. Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, Duchess of Cambridge, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse and aunt to Her Majesty, born July 25, 1797; married, May 7, 1818, the Duke of Cambridge. Augusta Caroline Charlotte Elizabeth Mary Sophia Louise, daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge and cousin to Her Majesty, born July 19, 1822; married June 28, 1843, to Frederick, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and has issue a son. Mary Adelaide Wilhelmina Elizabeth, daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, and cousin to Her Majesty, born November 27, 1833, married Prince Teck, June 12, 1866, has issue three sons and one daughter.

AUGUST.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

August 6. First Quarter, 9h. 6m. p.m.
14. Full Moon, 6h. 24m. p.m.
22. Last Quarter, 7h. 42m. p.m.
29. New Moon, 0h. 54m. p.m.

"Oh, Phœbus, down the western sky
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray;
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day."—JOHNSON.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	S	6TH AFTER TRINITY.	4 25R
2	M	BANK HOLIDAY. 107,852 persons at Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, 1880.	7 45S
3	Tu	Goodman's Fields Theatre first opened, 1732.	4 28R
4	W	The Grand Theatre, Islington, opened, 1883.	7 41S
5	Th	Polytechnic Institution opened, 1838.	4 31R
6	F	Alexandra Theatre, Camden Town, sold for £11,900, 1874.	7 38S
7	S	*Gammer Gurton's Needle*, by Bishop Still, produced, 1566.	4 34R
8	S	7TH AFTER TRINITY.	7 34S
9	M	The Oxford Music Hall re-opened, 1869.	4 37R
10	Tu	Blackfriars Theatre pulled down and houses built on the site, 1655.	7 31S
11	W	The Star Music Hall, Sunderland, burned down, 1883.	4 40R
12	Th	Sale of the Alhambra Music Hall, Portsmouth, for £8,000, 1874.	7 27S
13	F	Funeral of Ada Isaacs Menkin at Paris, 1868.	4 43R
14	S	*The Black Crook* played at Alhambra for 204th and last time, 1873.	7 23S
15	S	8TH AFTER TRINITY.	4 46R
16	M	Drury Lane Theatrical Fund established, 1766.	7 19S
17	Tu	Miss Wallis married Mr. John Lancaster at Brighton, 1876.	4 50R
18	W	Arrival in England of "Chang," the Fychow Giant, 1865.	7 15S
19	Th	Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, burned down, 1880.	4 53R
20	F	Foresters' Day at Crystal Palace, 1872, and number present, 84,955.	7 11S
21	S	Covent Garden Theatre announced for sale by public auction, 1829.	4 56R
22	S	9TH AFTER TRINITY.	7 7S
23	M	Riot at the Holborn Theatre, 1884.	4 59R
24	Tu	Mr. J. L. Toole returned to England from America, 1875.	7 3S
25	W	Professor Jenkins crossed Niagara with a velocipede on a tight-rope, 1869.	5 2R
26	Th	St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, partially destroyed by fire, 1860.	6 58S
27	F	Sale of Properties at Colosseum, Regent's Park, 1868.	5 5R
28	S	Tournament at Eglinton Castle, 1839, continued one week.	6 54S
29	S	10TH AFTER TRINITY.	5 9R
30	M	Wilton's Music Hall, East Smithfield, burned down, 1877.	6 50S
31	Tu	Miss Kate Terry's Farewell Benefit at Adelphi, 1867; plays Juliet.	5 12R

HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

LORD STEWARD'S DEPARTMENT.

Lord Steward	Earl Sydney.
Treasurer	Earl of Breadalbane.
Comptroller	Lord Kensington.
Master of the Household	Sir John C. Cowell, K.C.B.
Secretary of Board of Green Cloth ..	T. C. March.
Paymaster of the Household	G. Marrable.
Hereditary Grand Almoner	Marquis of Exeter.
High Almoner	Dean of Windsor.
Coroner	W. T. Manning.

SEPTEMBER.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Sept. 5. First Quarter, 7h. 56m. a.m.
13. Full Moon, 10h. 50m. a.m.
21. Last Quarter, 5h. 56m. a.m.
27. New Moon, 9h. 19m. p.m.

"When yellow autumn weighs
The year, and adds to nights and shortens days,
And suns declining shine with feeble rays."—DRYDEN'S "VIRGIL."

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	W	Bartholomew Fair proclaimed for the last time, 1855.	5 13R
2	TH	New Theatre Royal, Southampton, opened by Mr. J. W. Gordon, 1880.	6 43S
3	F	The Curtain Theatre in Shoreditch opened, 1571.	5 17R
4	S	The Blackfriars and the Whitefriars Theatres erected, 1576.	6 39S
5	S	11TH AFTER TRINITY.	5 20R
6	M	Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, burned down, 1882.	6 34S
7	TU	Charles Mathews first appeared on French stage at Paris, 1863.	5 23R
8	W	The Spa Saloon, Scarborough, destroyed by fire, 1876.	6 30S
9	TH	Last entertainment ever given at Ranelagh Gardens, 1803.	5 26R
10	F	Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, opened, 1883.	6 25S
11	S	Park Theatre, Camden Town, burned down, 1881.	5 29R
12	S	12TH AFTER TRINITY.	6 20S
13	M	Poole's Comedy of *Paul Pry* produced at Haymarket Theatre, 1825.	5 33R
14	TU	Covent Garden Theatrical Fund instituted, 1760.	6 16S
15	W	Drury Lane Theatre opened with Dr. Johnson's famous prologue, 1747.	5 36R
16	TH	Shakespeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon bought for £3,000, 1847.	6 11S
17	F	Wilton's New Palace of Varieties, Wellclose Square, opened, 1878.	5 39R
18	S	Mdlle. Nilsson's first appearance in New York, 1870.	6 7S
19	S	13TH AFTER TRINITY.	5 42R
20	M	Old Covent Garden Theatre burned down, 1808.	6 2S
21	TU	Court Theatre at Dresden destroyed by fire, 1869.	5 45R
22	W	Circus at Berlin burned, 1875.	5 57S
23	TH	Opening of the New Canterbury, Westminster Road, 1876.	5 49R
24	F	The Balfe Statue placed in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre, 1874.	5 53S
25	S	The Rose and the Hope Theatres erected, 1585.	5 52R
26	S	14TH AFTER TRINITY.	5 48S
27	M	Arrival of Mr. Henry Irving and Lyceum company at Quebec, 1884.	5 55R
28	TU	The Hippodrome at Paris destroyed by fire, 1869.	5 44S
29	W	James Sadler killed by falling from his balloon, 1824.	5 58R
30	TH	Bursting of Great Tank at the Crystal Palace, 1880.	5 39S

HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

(CONTINUED.)

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S DEPARTMENT.

Lord Chamberlain	Earl of Lathom.
Vice-Chamberlain	Right Hon. Viscount Lewisham.
Lord Great Chamberlain	Lord Aveland.
Comptroller	Hon. S. C. B. Ponsonby-Fane.
Chief Clerk	G. T. Hertslet.
Keeper of the Privy Purse and Private Secretary	Right Hon. General Sir H. Ponsonby, K.C.B.
Secretary of the Privy Purse	D. C. Bell.
Assistant Keepers of Privy Purse	Capt. F. J. Edwards, C.B.; A. Bigge.
Captain of Yeomen of the Guard	Viscount Barrington.
Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms	Earl of Coventry.

OCTOBER.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Oct. 4. First Quarter, 10h. 34m. p.m.
13. Full Moon, 3h. 24m. a.m.
Oct. 20. Last Quarter, 2h. 41m. p.m.
27. New Moon, 7h. 16m. a.m.

"Season of mists and yellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run."—KEATS.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	F	Sixpenny Telegrams introduced, 1885.	6 2R
2	S	Panorama burned, Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, 1883.	5 34S
3	S	15TH AFTER TRINITY.	6 5R
4	M	The Licence of Cremorne Gardens lapsed for ever, 1877.	5 30S
5	Tu	Pantheon Theatre, Oxford Street, burned down, 1792.	6 8R
6	W	The Holborn Theatre first opened with *Flying Scud*, 1866.	5 25S
7	Th	Queen's Theatre, Dublin, opened, 1844.	6 12R
8	F	Eight Theatres burned down in the disastrous fire at Chicago, 1871.	5 21S
9	S	New Sadler's Wells opened by Mrs. Bateman with *Rob Roy*, 1879.	6 15R
10	S	16TH AFTER TRINITY.	5 17S
11	M	Panic at Colosseum Theatre, Liverpool, 37 lives lost, 1878.	6 18R
12	Tu	Opening of New East London Theatre, late the Effingham Saloon, 1867.	5 12S
13	W	Dancing Licence at Alhambra refused by Middlesex Magistrates, 1870.	6 22R
14	Th	Highbury Barn Dancing Licence refused by the Magistrates, 1870.	5 8S
15	F	New Comedy Theatre, Panton Street, opened with *La Mascotte*, 1881.	6 25R
16	S	Charing Cross Theatre reopened as "The Folly," 1876.	5 4S
17	S	17TH AFTER TRINITY.	6 29R
18	M	The Alhambra again opened as a Music Hall, 1884.	4 59S
19	Tu	Garrick appeared in London at Goodman's Fields as Richard III., 1741.	6 32R
20	W	Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, burned down, 1866.	4 55S
21	Th	Mr. Henry Irving arrived in New York, 1883.	6 36R
22	F	The Oriental Music Hall, Poplar, opened as a Theatre, 1867.	4 51S
23	S	Audiences behind the scenes banished by Garrick, 1747.	6 39R
24	S	18TH AFTER TRINITY.	4 47S
25	M	Afterpieces first added to playbills, 1688.	6 43R
26	Tu	Opening of New Theatre Royal, Glasgow, by Miss Marie Litton, 1880.	4 43S
27	W	Assembly Rooms, Margate, burned down, 1882.	6 46R
28	Th	First stone of the present Drury Lane Theatre laid, 1811.	4 39S
29	F	Opera Comique, Strand, first opened, 1870.	6 50R
30	S	Abbey's Park Theatre, New York, burned down, 1882.	4 35S
31	S	19TH AFTER TRINITY.	6 53R

HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S DEPARTMENT—(CONT.)

Master of the Ceremonies	General Sir F. Seymour, K.C.B.
Dean of Chapel Royal	Bishop of London.
Sub-Dean	Rev. F. Garden.
Clerk of the Closet	Bishop of Worcester.
Resident Chaplain	Dean of Windsor.
Mistress of the Robes	Duchess of Buccleuch.
Groom	H. D. Erskine.
Physician in Ordinary	Sir Wm. Jenner, Bart., K.C.B.
Sergeant-Surgeon	Sir James Paget, Bart.

NOVEMBER.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Nov. 3. First Quarter, 5h. 5m. p.m.
11. Full Moon, 7h. 7m. p.m.
18. Last Quarter, 10h. 40m. p.m.
25. New Moon, 7h. 19m. p.m.

"Dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year."
THOMSON.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	M	Fatal Panic at Star Theatre, Glasgow, 1884.	6 55R
2	Tu	The "Oxford" Music Hall burned down, 1872.	4 30S
3	W	Garrick Theatre burned down after playing *The Battle of Waterloo*, 1846.	6 59R
4	Th	Sale of the late Walter Montgomery's stage-dresses, 1872; realised £80.	4 26S
5	F	Mr. William Harrison opened Her Majesty's Theatre, 1864.	7 2R
6	S	Opening of New Princess's Theatre with Mr. Edwin Booth as Hamlet, 1880.	4 23S
7	S	20TH AFTER TRINITY.	7 6R
8	M	The Great Vauxhall Balloon descended at Weilburg, Nassau, 1836.	4 20S
9	Tu	A female character first acted by a woman on the English stage, 1656.	7 9R
10	W	George Belmore's last appearance on the stage at Boston, America, 1875.	4 16S
11	Th	Mark Lemon fined for reading Falstaff in costume at Plymouth, 1869.	7 13R
12	F	"Soudan Relic Exhibition" opened in Drury Lane Grand Saloon, 1885.	4 13S
13	S	The Raglan Music Hall, Borough, burned, 1883.	7 16R
14	S	21ST AFTER TRINITY.	4 10S
15	M	Circus Theatre, Madrid, destroyed by fire, 1876.	7 20R
16	Tu	New Concert Hall opened at the Grecian, City Road, 1872.	4 8S
17	W	The Darlington Theatre burned down, 1893.	7 23R
18	Th	The great gas explosion at Covent Garden Theatre, 1828.	4 5S
19	F	Gaiety Theatre of Varieties, Southampton, burned, 1884.	7 27R
20	S	The Garmoyle Breach of Promise Case settled, 1884. Damages £10,000.	4 3S
21	S	22ND AFTER TRINITY.	7 30R
22	M	Mr. Creswick's Jubilee Benefit, at Lyceum, 1882; realised £550.	4 1S
23	Tu	Cuper's Gardens, Lambeth, suppressed as a place of amusement, 1753.	7 33R
24	W	The Globe Theatre, Bankside, built, 1594.	3 58S
25	Th	Farewell Benefit of Harry Boleno, Clown, at Drury Lane Theatre, 1871.	7 36R
26	F	W. S. Gilbert's action against *Pall Mall Gazette*, 1873; Verdict for Deft.	3 56S
27	S	New Globe Theatre, Strand, opened, 1868.	7 40R
28	S	1ST IN ADVENT.	3 55S
29	M	The Windsor Theatre, New York, burned, 1883.	7 43R
30	Tu	Opening of the new "London Pavilion," Piccadilly, 1885.	3 53S

HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

(CONTINUED.)

MASTER OF THE HORSE'S DEPARTMENT.

Master of the Horse	Earl of Bradford.
Clerk Marshal	Lord Alfred Paget.
Crown Equerry and Secretary	Colonel G. A. Maude, C.B.
Master of the Buckhounds	Marquis of Waterford.

PRINCE OF WALES'S HOUSEHOLD.

Comptroller and Treasurer	Major-Gen. Sir D. M. Probyn, K.C.B.
Private Secretary	Francis Knollys, Esq., C.B.

DECEMBER.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Dec. 3. First Quarter, 2h. 25m. p.m.
11. Full Moon, 9h. 30m. a.m.
Dec. 18. Last Quarter, 6h. 39m. a.m.
25. New Moon, 9h. 55m. a.m.

"The mill-wheel's frozen in the stream,
The church is decked with holly,
Mistletoe hangs from the kitchen beam,
To fright away Melancholy."—HORACE SMITH.

D. M.	D. W.	MEMORABILIA OF THEATRICAL EVENTS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	S. rises and sets.
1	W	North Shields Theatre burned down, 1851.	7 46R
2	TH	The Fortune Theatre erected, 1599.	3 52S
3	F	The New Alhambra, Leicester Square, opened, 1853.	7 48R
4	S	Funeral of Madame Grisi at Père la Chaise, Paris, 1869.	3 51S
5	S	2ND IN ADVENT.	7 51R
6	M	Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, burned down, 1867.	3 50S
7	TU	Brooklyn Theatre, New York, burned down, 1876; loss of 300 lives.	7 53R
8	W	The Ring Theatre, Vienna, burned down, 1881, loss of 1,000 lives.	3 49S
9	TH	New Theatre in Great Queen Street opened as The Novelty, 1852.	7 56R
10	F	Agricultural Hall, Islington, first opened, 1862.	3 49S
11	S	The Swan Theatre erected, 1595.	7 58R
12	S	3RD IN ADVENT.	3 49S
13	M	The Alhambra Palace opened by E. T. Smith, with grand concert, 1860.	8 0R
14	TU	Standard Theatre, New York, burned down, 1883.	3 49S
15	W	Opening of New Music Hall at Sheffield, 1873.	8 2R
16	TH	Foundation-stone laid for Opera House on Thames Embankment, 1875.	3 49S
17	F	The circular lights removed from over the stage by Garrick, 1765.	8 3R
18	S	New Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, opened, 1867.	3 50S
19	S	4TH IN ADVENT.	8 5R
20	M	South London Palace opened, 1869.	3 50S
21	TU	English Dramatic Company first taken to Germany, 1833.	8 6R
22	W	Pantomimes first played in England at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, 1716.	3 51S
23	TH	Astley's opened by Mr. Boucicault as Theatre Royal, Westminster, 1862.	8 7R
24	F	The New Theatre Royal, Plymouth, opened, 1878.	3 52S
25	S	CHRISTMAS DAY. "A Merry Christmas to all."	8 8R
26	S	1ST AFTER CHRISTMAS.	3 54S
27	M	BANK HOLIDAY. "Boxing Night."	8 8R
28	TU	Doncaster Theatre injured by fire, 1876.	3 55S
29	W	Opening of Wilton's Music Hall, Whitechapel Road, 1871.	8 8R
30	TH	The Great Fire at the Crystal Palace, 1866.	3 57S
31	F	Old Cockpit Theatre in Drury Lane converted into a schoolroom, 1647.	8 9R

CITY OFFICERS.

LORD MAYOR.—Right Hon. John Staples.
SHERIFFS.—Aldermen David Evans and Mr. Thomas Clarke.
CHAMBERLAIN.—Benjamin Scott. REMEMBRANCER.—G. P. Goldney.
RECORDER.—Sir T. Chambers, Q.C.
COMMON SERJEANT.—Sir W. T. Charley.
COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.—Colonel James Fraser.
TOWN CLERK.—Sir John B. Monckton.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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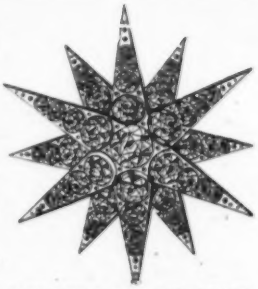

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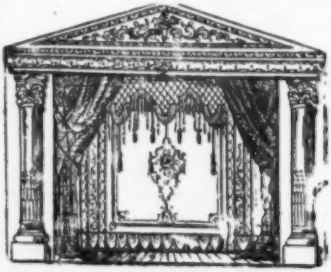

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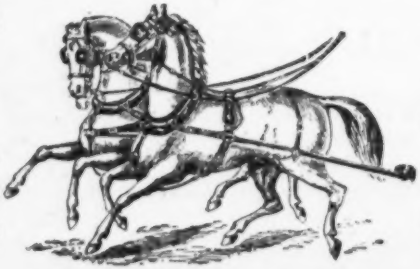

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An interesting incident connected with the theatrical performances of Madame Ristori at Madrid, made her immensely popular in the Spanish capital. The story is related by the eminent actress herself in the subjoined letter, which is dated Madrid, September 23rd, 1857: "A few days ago a soldier was condemned to be shot for having attempted to kill his sergeant, who had struck him. The execution was to take place on the morrow of the day on which we gave 'Medea.' The Queen and Court were at the representation. A deputation of Spanish and Italian gentlemen came to me, saying that I alone could save the unhappy man, and that all the efforts they had made with the Queen had been fruitless. I accepted the mission, and after the first act I went to the royal box and threw myself at her Majesty's feet, imploring her to spare the wretched criminal. The Queen at once signed the full pardon of the poor man. Imagine the ovation I received! During at least twenty-five minutes it was impossible for me to speak a word."

Take the liberty of addressing these
Note to you, to say that should you
want in y^r Theatre a young lady
as a Singer & perfectly capable of
playing, lively Characters in y^r Irish
Dramas, I think you would find one
perfectly beautiful Voice in the
person of Miss Johnstone, she was
some Seasons in the Dublin Theatre
when belong'd to that Establishment,
hope you will hear satisfactorily from
from Mr. Alex^r Wood at the Traveller
here Office. as I leave Town
tomorrow for Scotland where I remain
a Month Morning Post
Thursday Yours Truly
W Farren

'Ho! Who's here? Ho! No answer?
Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword: and if mine
enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll
scarcely look on't.
Such a foe good heavens!

Helena Faucit

New York Jan: 16. 1849

Gentlemen

My professional services are at your command, on tuesday the 5th of February next, for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund Association

Yours very truly

Edwin Forrest.

To Messrs: Povey and Fache

Committee &c

I have really not
a Moment to read this Scrawl over—
So God bless You & love me as I love
You—

Yours

Can You understand this
Scribble?

Saturday - Monday & Tuesday -
Monday the 19th in Manchester -
Monday the 25th in Edinburgh -
50 Pd. account - closed - good bye

Edmund Kean

I can think of no better Plays than Hamlet. Richard 3.
Pizarro Coriolanus Alexander, Beast of Hartonne
Distressed Mother and The Revenge:—
I hope you will like this List—Mr. Kemble
begs his best Respects with mine
I am, my dear Sir
Yours very truly
J. J. Kemble.

Monday May 12. 1800.

That I shall have
£60 p annum to be
paid in weekly pay-
ments and a Benefit
sometime in the month
of February yearly
for which I may play
and perform any Play in
which I act myself and
any Dance of my own
or a new Dance.

Oct^r 17. 1765

Charles Macklin

Westbourne Green
Aug 21. 1845

My dear Pony

Sunday next by all
means - 5 o clock

Yours very faithfully
C Mathews.

My Dear Mr. Fenwick,

I feel that I should not have the power to say one word for myself to-night should it be necessary.

I therefore put my cause entirely into your hands, & trust it solely to your friendship.

I remain,

Your Sincere

E. Rule

Ill regret to per esser Jadis
Clifton 22. 7.bre 1848

Marietta Albany

Liverpool 18th august. 1865

Dear ——

I start tomorrow for the New World! many thanks for your kind wishes

Yours truly
Napoleon Parepa

Dec^r. 15^th.
1850.

My dear Sir

allow me to express a hope that our "young" acquaintance-ship may long continue and that next time I have the pleasure of writing to you I may find a better pen! — Yours very sincerely

John Parry

Rome 4/69

My dear Ellis

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter & to enclose the Draft for the kind remembrance of me evinced by its transmission

My engagements have not as yet permitted me giving more than a rapid glance at the Burlesque but I have seen enough to induce me to give the work a careful perusal as soon as I can find the leisure necessary

Yours
My dear Sir,
Very much Obliged
John Robby

W. J. Ellis, Esq.

Otello
si dopo te – i dopo te io morrò
E. Tomberlick
Luglio 1864.
147.
Colomba o tortorella

Percy St
June 2

Esteemed Jesse

Forward this — I never know where to pitch upon his Lordship. It is to ask him to go up in the balloon on Monday. If not — will you? There is only one place left. The expense will be under £3. All literary men let me know

Yours always
Albert Smith

Oct 11.
1864.

F. R.

Please pass -

Dr Compston —

Well! you have bitten me -! I'm the worst hand in the world at saying anything 'to order' The mere suggestion has frightened my appetite away — & dinner my first on the Table. I'm kind.

God bless you -

Ever Yr

C. Rossetti.

Dear Sir,

I shall esteem it as
a very great favor if you
give me your assistance
on the night of my benefit
in the character of Ld Townly
on the day after the wedding
It is to be on the
26th of June

Jan 13th I am dear Sir
Yr[illegible] engmt. Yours truly

Eliza Booth

Who can Explain It?

IT was in the autumn of the year 1875 that I accepted an engagement in a touring company booked for the principal towns in the North of England. We had completed five weeks of the tour, and had arrived (in consequence of numerous delays) late on Sunday evening at the town of B——, in Lancashire. There had been a steady downpour of rain during the last few hours of our journey, and the prospect presented to our view as we steamed into the station was anything but enlivening. Having collected our travelling-bags, waterproofs, &c., the heavy luggage being left to the disposal of the luggage man, we started off, in various directions, in search of lodgings, a process unpleasant enough even under favourable circumstances, but doubly so in a strange town in the dusk of evening, with the accompaniment of a pitiless drizzle. After a fatiguing quest of nearly an hour, I succeeded in finding suitable apartments, for which, in the temporary absence of the landlady, I negotiated with a pleasant-looking servant girl, who informed me that "they was well acquainted with the way of professional ladies, and that missis always left the lettin' of the rooms to her." The sitting-room into which I had been ushered was inviting and home-like, and in a brief space, seated by a cheery, blazing fire, and engaged in discussing a cup of good tea, the discomforts of the journey were forgotten. It may not be amiss in this place to mention that I was at the time of which I am writing playing the very unambitious *rôle* of "walking lady"—that I was a very practical and "matter of fact" young person indeed, in perfect health, and quite free from morbid or hysterical tendencies. I have always rather plumed myself on my skill as a physiognomist, and when my landlady put in an appearance later in the evening I was immediately prepossessed in her favour. To landladies, as a class, I entertain a deeply-rooted antipathy. To a few individuals of the tribe I am indebted for acts of disinterested kindness which I shall not soon forget. The kind and motherly aspect of the genial old dame, who begged me in such hearty tones to "make myself quite at home, and ask for everything I wanted," inspired me with confidence, and I retired to rest, mentally congratulating myself on having secured such apparently unobjectionable quarters.

A new piece being in process of rehearsal, involving early calls and protracted attendance at the theatre, I was very seldom at home, and consequently (though I found every provision made for my comfort) saw but little of my worthy landlady, whose name I had ascertained to be "Ford," and I knew next to nothing of the internal economy of the house. Except under special circumstances, we played but six nights in each town, and it was on the Friday preceding the night of our last performance in B—— that the circumstance I am about to relate occurred. On returning from the theatre after the performance, I had supped, as was my custom, very lightly, and retired to rest at my usual time, but not feeling particularly inclined to sleep, drew to the bedside a small sofa-table, on which stood the lamp, and commenced to look over the part I was to play in the new piece. I read until drowsiness crept over me, when I carefully extinguished the light, and was soon in a sound slumber.

I must have slept about three hours when I was awakened by a church clock which chimed the quarters, and then struck three. As the last stroke vibrated on the still air I lazily unclosed my eyes, wondering greatly how I came to be awake at such an hour, for being (as I said before) in perfect health, it was my usual habit to sleep without intermission until seven or eight o'clock. The moon was shining, and objects in the room were distinctly visible in its cold, blue light. I felt chilly, and was about to turn over and try to compose myself again to sleep, when my eyes fell on something, somebody, a figure, standing at the foot of my bed. I raised myself on my elbow and rubbed my eyes. Yes! I was not mistaken! There it was, the figure of a tall, slight woman, ghastly pale, clad in a long black dress, a widow's headgear, every detail complete, *the figure of "Lady Isabel Carlyle" (in the drama of* East Lynne, *in the disguise dress of Madame Vine.*

Strange as it may seem, my first sensation was not one of fear, for I found myself taking in every detail of her appearance. Her long, white fingers were interlaced, and I could see that her eyes were fixed on me with an expression of anguished entreaty, as she stood erect and perfectly motionless. I stared in utter bewilderment, and at length stammered out, "How did you come here?" But scarcely had the words passed my lips when the instant conviction flashed across my mind that my visitant was not of this

world. My heart seemed to stop beating, great drops of cold perspiration started from every pore, and, shaking like one in an ague, I sank back on my pillow, covering my face and head with the bedclothes. What I suffered during the terrible and apparently interminable hours until daylight appeared I can never tell. My every faculty seemed paralysed by terror, and it was not until certain familiar sounds, as the ringing of a factory bell, and the shouting of a vendor of milk at the front door, indicated the approach of day, that I ventured, with fear and trembling, to raise my head and look around. It was the custom of the servant, of whom mention has been made, to knock at my door precisely at eight each morning, and bring hot water for my morning bath, but this morning my "Come in" was responded to by my worthy landlady herself, in a state of evident agitation, so different from her usual placid demeanour, that I looked the surprise I felt. "Oh! Miss," she exclaimed, "I do hope you were not disturbed in the night. We kept everything as quiet as we could; but it has been a dreadful blow." I replied, cautiously, that I had heard no noise, and begged to know the cause of her emotion. The worthy woman here burst into tears, and in a voice broken by sobs told me the following particulars, which I give as nearly as possible in her own words:—

"It is near upon a year and a half ago that a young lady, much such a one as you might be yourself in a year or two, came with a company to the theatre here, and took these rooms that you now occupy for herself and her baby, a sweet little boy, nigh on a twelvemonth old. Poor thing! she had been six months a widow, and was only slowly getting over the shock of her husband's death, which had gone nigh to break her heart. As to the child, she just worshipped every hair of its head, pretty soul! Her great trouble was having to leave him with strange people every week in fresh lodgings while she was at the theatre, for her company was on tour the same as yours. Well, she was so sweet spoken and patient that I felt as if I could have done anything in the world for her; and if her dear baby had been my own I never could have loved him better, and at last I didn't know how to part with him, and I tried to persuade her how much better it would be to let him stay in a settled home; and I so begged and prayed that at last it ended in her giving up her own wishes for the child's sake, and leaving the dear lamb with me. I always write to her regular every week about the dear lamb, and then she sends an answer back, and sometimes a little toy or picture, and was beginning to write quite cheerful-like, and now"—— Here poor Mrs. Ford completely broke down, and it was some minutes before she became sufficiently composed to tell me the sequel, which, at length, she did as follows:—"Oh! my dear young lady, that dear baby went to bed last night as well in health as you or I, and by three this morning he was a corpse; took all of a sudden with croup, and nothing could save him. I telegraphed to his mother to say he was dangerously ill, but the shock will surely kill her, for she loved that child more than her own life."

I tried by every means in my power to comfort the poor woman, whose narration made a most painful impression upon my mind, but her distress was so acute that I had not the heart to increase her perplexities by the relation of my extraordinary nocturnal visitant, contriving, however, indirectly to ascertain, beyond all possibility of doubt, that no human being had entered my room during the night, the only inmates of the house (until the arrival of the doctor) having been Mrs. Ford, the child (who slept with her), the servant girl, and myself. It is scarcely necessary to say that poor Mrs. Ford's trouble, with which I sincerely sympathised, did not tend to soothe my nervous system, and I resolved that on no consideration would I pass another night in that room. I therefore suggested to Mrs. Ford the advisability of my passing the following night (the last of our stay in B——) at the lodging of Miss S——, the chambermaid of the company, by whom I knew I should be gladly welcomed. With many expressions of regret on the part of poor Mrs. Ford that I should be "so put about" the arrangement was concluded, and I left B—— on the following morning with the rest of the company.

Three years had elapsed since the incidents I have related occurred, and I had just arrived at C——, where the company in which I was then engaged were to meet. Being, on this occasion, familiar with the town, I had written beforehand to secure apartments, and on reaching the theatre found the members of the company assembled upon the stage. The usual recognition of acquaintances and introductions of strangers were proceeding. "Miss M—— (to me) allow me: Miss Langford, our leading lady." I raised my eyes as these words were spoken by the manager, and saw a tall, slight, graceful woman who bowed, and murmured a few friendly words. As her eyes, which were large and melancholy, met mine I was struck by the instantaneous conviction that we had met before, though where or under what circumstances defied all my powers of recollection to determine. The impression did not, however, seem to be mutual, but from that time every movement of this quiet and reserved woman possessed for me a perplexing and indefinable interest.

We were doing excellent business, and Miss Langford's acting was greatly admired. In the dressing-room she was reserved, speaking but rarely, and never on any matter connected with her personal history. The only individual in the company with whom she was on terms of intimacy was Mrs. Woodly, who played "old women," and was a great favourite. They entered and left the theatre together, and shared the same apartments. From her I learned that Miss Langford was a widow, and had seen great trouble in her past life.

East Lynne was the piece selected for the following Monday. The arrangements of the building necessitated the ladies of the company dressing in one apartment, which was, however, spacious and airy, and involved no crowding or discomfort. I was preparing for the thankless and unpopular part of "Barbara Hare," the other ladies being also engaged in attiring and making-up for their respective parts, when suddenly, "Quick! some water!" came in a hasty tone from Mrs. Woodly, whom, on turning round, I saw supporting Miss Langford, who, with the pallor of death on her face, was leaning heavily against a table. A bracelet which she had been trying to fasten had fallen from her hand, and beads of perspiration stood on her face. I was shocked, and exclaimed, "She is very ill; she will never be able to play to-night!" She moved her lips, but no sound came from them; and, in spite of our united efforts, it was long before the colour returned to her cheeks, or she had recovered sufficiently to commence her part. Feeling, as I did, so singular an interest in all that concerned Miss Langford, I determined to question Mrs. Woodly on the subject of this strange attack. An opportunity soon offered, and, in reply to my interrogatories, Mrs. Woodly said, "Well, my dear, I am sure you are not given to idle gossip, and that your motive is a kind one. It is a very sad business altogether, but, you see, it's all this horrid piece." "The piece!" I exclaimed, more mystified than ever. "Yes, my dear, this dreadful *East Lynne*. How she gets through it as she does I cannot imagine." "Whatever can you mean, Mrs. Woodly?" I rejoined. "Do, pray, explain." "Well, then, if you will give me your word not to mention it again, either to her or to anyone else, I will tell you all about it," said Mrs. Woodly, in a low tone of voice. I readily gave the required promise, and then (not without interruption, as the business of the piece demanded our attention at frequent intervals) proceeded as follows:

"When I first met Miss Langford her husband was living, and a nice young fellow and clever in his profession he was. When I met her again he was dead, and she had fretted herself to a shadow for his loss. The only comfort she had in life was her baby, a pretty little boy, whom she doated on with all the warmth of her nature, which was a very loving one; and whenever she used to be obliged to leave him with a strange landlady she used to cry her eyes out lest he should, in her absence, be snubbed or slighted. At last she wrote me word that she had left him entirely in the care of a person with whom she had lodged, and from whom she had received great kindness, adding that she had every confidence in her, and that the child was thriving splendidly under her care. I thought this step a wise one, and we corresponded pretty frequently. I soon had the satisfaction of noting that her letters began to assume a more cheerful tone. By-and-by, it happened that the 'old woman' of the company in which Miss Langford was engaged fell ill, and, knowing me to be out of an engagement at the time, she mentioned me to the manager, who engaged me at once, and I joined the following day. Our pleasure at meeting was mutual, and I was greatly pleased at the improvement in her appearance since I saw her last. When I had been about a fortnight in the company *East Lynne* was announced, and on the night of its production the house was crammed, and all went splendidly until the scene of Willie's dying, when 'Lady Isabel' is discovered (in her disguise dress of Madame Vine) posing at his bedside. The child who was to play Willie was not quite ready, being still in the dressing-room, but Miss Langford had already taken her place by the bedside, and I was watching her as I stood in the wing, waiting till I was wanted in the front scene, when all of a sudden I saw her face change to a look of awful terror. She threw her arms up wildly, and with a shriek of anguish, which I shall never forget, flung herself, face downwards, on the bed. A doctor was summoned, restoratives were administered, and, as a matter of course, the audience was dismissed, Miss Langford being quite unable to appear again that evening. A considerable time elapsed before she was sufficiently recovered to proceed in a cab to the lodging we jointly occupied; but as soon as we were seated in the vehicle I began eagerly questioning her as to the cause of her sudden attack. She was trembling all over, and, in reply, said, 'Don't talk to me, dear Mrs. Woodly. I have seen my baby, and he is dead.' I looked at her in speechless astonishment as she continued, 'As I sat waiting for the child to come from the dressing-room I looked to see that the bed was properly arranged, and there, on the pillow, his golden curls damp and clinging, his sweet

eyes fixed and glassy, as plainly as I now see you, I saw my baby lying dead.' 'But,' I urged, 'this is ridiculous. You heard only two days ago of his being in perfect health. My dear, you must be ill. You must lie by and let me nurse you.' To all my reasoning she was deaf, repeating in tones of heartrending anguish, 'My child! my little child!' On reaching our lodgings I entreated her to retire and compose herself by a night's rest, and had just induced her, as a special favour to myself, to swallow a cup of tea when a loud knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the servant with a telegram, which Miss Langford, in a state of the utmost agitation, snatched from her hands, and, tearing the envelope open, devoured its contents; then, with the simple words, 'See for yourself,' handed me the missive. It ran as follows: 'Child dangerously ill. Come at once.' I was too overwhelmed to do more than murmur a few reassuring words; but she said, 'Come, let us get ready. You will come with me, will you not, though I shall see my child no more?' But, hush. Not a word. Here she comes."

I turned round at her exclamation, and there, slowly advancing, her large, mournful eyes fixed on mine, her long white fingers interlaced, the ghastly features wan and drawn, exact in every particular, *I saw before me in the flesh the woman who had stood by my bedside at B—— on the night of the child's death.* I had seen many "Lady Isabel's" since then, and no similarity of dress misled me. The likeness which had so puzzled me was accounted for, all the terrors of that night returned vividly to my mind and I turned icy cold as she glided past me and went upon the stage. Trembling with excitement, I turned to Mrs. Woodly. "Tell me," I said, quickly, "in what town did Miss Langford's child die, and what was the name of the woman in whose charge he was left?" She looked at me in surprise, then answered: "The name of the woman was Ford; the town B——, in Lancashire." My story is told, Who will explain it?

LOUISE MARSHALL.

How we played "Hamlet."

I ONCE belonged to an Amateur Dramatic Club. I was very young at the time; so were all the other members. In fact, we were called, once or twice, by people who were really old enough to have known better, "a pack of boys"; but that was plainly nothing but spite. Our amateur dramatic club had been in existence six weeks. We had given one entertainment, which had consisted of songs, recitations, &c., and, as a grand finale, the well-worn old farce of *The Secret*, but, as we were nothing if not original in our ideas, renamed *Ins and Outs*. This entertainment had proved very successful; that is to say, we were only called upon to "dub up" the modest sum of *5s. 9d.* each, which merely meant a deficit of something like £3; not so bad for the first performance of a new club; at least, so we thought at the time. What we wanted now was to give a *bonâ fide* dramatic performance which would justify us styling ourselves a dramatic club. I ought to have said that our full and complete title was "The Slowborough United Amateur Dramatic Club," and a very imposing title it looked in large letters upon a double crown bill, I can tell you. Our note-paper was headed with the same imposing title, beautifully stamped in many colours within an artistic scroll. The prime mover and most important member was Jack Marks, the local barber. He was a good fellow in many respects. We all thought he was a born actor; in fact, he thought so himself. The only things against him were his appearance and his voice. The former was very bad, the latter awful. He would put you in mind, when speaking, of a fog-trumpet very much out of order, and he looked like—no, he looked *un*-like anything you ever gazed upon. He was short, stout, sallow, and shoppy. By this last I mean to say that his figure-head was assiduously cared for. His hair was long, well greased, and carefully arranged in really magnificent folds; while his whiskers and moustachios were of the very highest order of splendour as befitted an enterprising barber. They did not suit a leading tragedian. Jack Marks was a leading tragedian—in his own estimation. The other members were of the same stamp, all very good fellows in their own sphere of life, but anything but good when they attempted play-acting. After our first smell of the footlights—by-the-by they *did* smell, for they were paraffin lamps of the very worst construction, and the very worst paraffin—we were naturally anxious to once more don the sock and buskin. The failure—no, not failure, we would not admit that—the unsatisfactory state of the takings at the last performance was put down to the

fact that it was too much of the nature of a school breaking-up performance, so that if a *bonâ fide* play were given next time Slowborough would be there *en masse*. After a deal of anxiety, we all came to the conclusion that *Hamlet* was a *bonâ fide* play; consequently *Hamlet* was selected. Another reason for our decision was the small number of female parts. We had no ladies in our company.

Those who know anything of the doings of amateur dramatic clubs need not be told that all the members wanted to play one particular part. That would have been impossible, even to us who reckoned we could manage most things, so Jack Marks, with an amount of self-denial worthy of such a true artist, declared that he did not care whether he played or not, for if any other member wanted to play the Prince, he would be content to "walk on" for anything (artful fellow was Jack!). I think they all saw the absurdity of anybody else playing the principal part, so "Hamlet" was cast (under protest) to Jack. Over the many bickerings and heart-burnings for the other parts I do not propose to linger. One thing, though, had to be done. Our company was only a small one, with a very, very bad tail—I think now it was all tail—as doubles and even trebles had to be arranged. One naturally expected to find "Laertes" and the "Ghost" doubled, but when I was modestly asked to treble the "Second Player," the "Second Gravedigger," and "Osric" I protested—not being a quick-change artist—and flatly refused. Another member, more ambitious than myself, accepted the bargain and the three parts at the same time. I agreed, in an evil hour, to do the prompting, but I solemnly affirm that if I could only have foreseen what was before me I would have flatly refused that part also, and washed my hands of the whole affair.

At last all was settled as regards the cast, and rehearsals were carried forward with the utmost vigour—yes, that is the word, *vigour*, for the way those poor beings laboured at that play for eight weeks was a caution! At the end of that time things began to look a little ship-shape. Jack Marks, however, struck me as being unwell during the whole time. He never, at any rehearsal, knew six consecutive lines of his part, but he assured us it would be "all right at night," and we, in our innocence, believed him. At length the date of the performance was fixed, the bills were out, the costumes had been ordered from Bow Street, and on the morning—*the* morning—six shillings' worth of stalls had been booked! Oh, what an eventful day that was! One old inhabitant of Slowborough avers that he had a great piece cut out of his chin while being shaved, from which it would appear that Jack Marks was in a fever of excitement, and certainly incapable of performing his usual daily occupation. He said it was not on account of the coming show, but because the costumes had not yet arrived, and he was in dread that they would not fit. As a matter of fact, they did *not* fit! "Hamlet's" tights were too long, "Horatio's" were baggy. The "King's" crown would not go near his head, the "Queen's" was many sizes too large for her, and so on all down the melancholy list. Nothing would fit! The audience laughed at the comical figures cut by nearly all the members, which was totally unexpected behaviour. It is fearfully bad taste to laugh at a play like *Hamlet*. One expects to hear laughter at a burlesque, although one does not always get it—but *Hamlet!* No, *Hamlet* is no laughing matter. Jack Marks was a fraud from the very beginning, and the "Prince of Denmark" was virtually played by the prompter, and, if I may be allowed to say so, exceedingly well played. The people in front were most enthusiastic up to a certain point, then they turned nasty and laughed at everything! Not that there was anything funny, but because they came to be amused, and it would never have done for those good souls to have gone away disappointed. So things went on until we came to the churchyard scene—at least, that is what the programme called it. We had only two exteriors, and this was one of them. Had it not been for the open grave, and the *real* mould (a pailful of which had been thoughtfully provided by the prompter), it would have looked like a London street, as in fact it was. This was the great scene in which Jack had boasted he meant to "knock 'em silly." He didn't do that; he was content with performing the operation upon himself.

This was how it happened. I have said he was stout, consequently somewhat weighty. Whether the boards round the open trap representing the grave were loose or what we never knew, but certain it is that he took a false step, and the "measure of a *new*-made grave" at the same time. He was not satisfied with falling into the opening, but must needs go right through, and when he was picked up was insensible. Of course the performance had to be abruptly brought to a conclusion, greatly to the relief of all parties concerned, especially the audience, who departed more in sorrow than in anger. Jack fortunately escaped with nothing more than a shaking, but that was enough for once. He has never attempted to act again. The "Slowborough United Dramatic Club" since that time has ceased to exist, for which I firmly believe Slowborough is extremely grateful.—LOUIS B. TISDALE.

Seeing the Old Year Out.

CHRISTMAS was past, and the old year, with its head white with locks of silver snow, and its wrinkled face bearded with frost and icicles, was at its last gasp; in point of fact, it had reached that helpless state generally known as both feet in the grave. At the time I am speaking of, we were a branch portion of the "famous York circuit" company, and, not being available for pantomime purposes, we were told off to dear, sleepy old Lincoln, till the lustre of spangles, the glitter of tinsel, had ceased to attract, and the red hot poker had lost its powers of merriment. We had finished a rather short programme to a thin house, and consequently were out a little earlier than usual. Some one proposed seeing the old year out over a pipe and a glass of grog. The proposal received a hearty assent, and we soon found ourselves in a neighbouring "hostelry," ranged around a roaring old-fashioned log fire, with churchwardens in full swing, with glasses of toddy steaming in front of us, while a genial fat old landlord smiled upon us from the depths of an old arm-chair, with his full round face beaming like an affable moon. There was only one drawback to the comfort of our genial group, and that was the presence of a new member—an objectionable novice of the most obtrusive kind. As no actor likes any one to speak during his applause, it follows as a matter of course that no teller of a successful jest likes another one obtruded upon his till the laughter is fairly over. This was a fault which the youth was continually committing, till at last he had gained the hate of every humorist in the company, and a plan was formed that whenever he commenced a story or anecdote each member should, in answer to some imaginary call or business, gradually leave the place, till at last the story-teller was left with his tale only just begun. A good story had just been told, when, true to his nature, the youth began to battle through the mirth with reiterations of, "that reminds me,"—till at length, fighting down the mirth, he was enabled to add,—"when I joined this circuit first I met."—"I say, boys, did you ever hear the story of the Bower Saloon manager, eh?" asked the low comedian. There was a general, "No, let's hear it, old man." "Well, walking along by the Horse Guards one day the Bower Saloon manager met an old friend—a West-end author. After the usual inquiries as to the state of each other's health and so forth, the West-end author asked, 'How's business at the Bower?' 'Oh, I can't complain, we live, sir—live,' was the reply. 'Well, old fellow, I must be off; I am in a hurry to see about seats for the Italian opera next week at Her Majesty's,' said the author, offering his hand. 'What!' exclaimed the manager, 'does the Italian opera open next week?' 'Yes.' 'I am very sorry for it.' 'Why, what in heaven's name can it matter to you? Surely you don't imagine that the opera will clash with your place?' cried the astonished author. 'Oh, won't it, though;' sighed the manager. 'I grant my audience won't be inside, but they will all be there—picking pockets!' and the manager, shaking hands with his astounded friend, pursued his dismal way."

"Talking of audiences," said the heavy man, "reminds me of a discussion I heard one night outside the gallery door of a small theatre in the North. The theatre in question had been in bad repute some time before our manager took it. Well, the first thing he did, with a view to elevating the character of the place, was to raise the prices. The gallery being raised, from threepence to sixpence, gave great offence to that portion of the gods whose supply of pocket-money was somewhat limited. I was waiting for a friend, having finished very early, when I became conscious of an altercation going on between some half-dozen youths. 'I tell you it's a shame,' said one, bitterly, 'to charge sixpence when it has always been threepence.' 'So it is,' was the general assent; 'and,' continued the first speaker, 'specially as Bill here, who's been in, says as they're no good.' 'No, they're not so good as the last lot,' said Bill, ruefully. 'Then why,' demanded another, 'do they charge sixpence when they are not as good as the threepenny ones?' Then came a general cry of, 'Ah! why?' 'I don't know,' cried Bill, 'unless,' he added, as if struck with a brilliant idea, 'unless it is because BAD ACTORS TAKE MORE TO KEEP 'EM THAN GOOD ONES!'"

"That reminds me of an incident that occurred to me when I first joined this circuit," said the youth, thinking he saw a chance for his story ——

"Talking of audiences," broke in the first old man, ruthlessly, "you should have heard my old manager's opinion of them when he travelled Charles Mathews through the provinces. He had a curious experience, I can tell you." "What was it, old boy?" cried several voices. "Jemmy, you know," the first old man went on to say, after taking a refreshing sip, "is one of the best fellows in the world, although a little eccentric. I

remember on the occasion of his playing 'Macbeth' one night, how he settled one of the company who was rather loose in the words. The gentleman in question was playing one of the Witches, and his being imperfect of course rather upset the others. When 'Macbeth' came to a certain passage, he shouted angrily, 'Stay, you IMPERFECT speaker'—adding, in the most marked and emphatic manner possible,—'THE SECOND WITCH ESPECIALLY.' Well, all went along smoothly enough, and the 'Star' brought money in galore, till they arrived in a county where booths abound, and where Mathews had never been before, except in one or two of the larger towns. Well, one evening, Jemmy, who was business manager, came to the doors of the theatre, and saw a large crowd gathered outside. As it was near the time of commencing, he sauntered up to them and said, affably, 'Now, boys, if you are going inside, you'd better not lose any of the play—we begin to the minute.' 'But we are not going in,' one of them answered. 'What, not to see the great Mathews?' exclaimed Jemmy. 'Not likely: what, pay sixpence, when we've seen him here WITH HIS DOG in the *Forest of Bondy* for threepence!' Well, in another of the small towns most of the people objected to the raised prices, 'especially as they'd had enough of MATHEWS AND HIS CLOG-DANCING, TOO.' In a third town the playgoers scarcely went near the theatre at all; and the excuse was that they were waiting till 'Mathews appeared in his pet part, which was the *Dumb Man of Manchester*.' At last, Jemmy, loosing all patience on finding so many Mathewses in the field, rushed round to the stage and, seeking out the 'great Comedian of the Age,' cried excitedly, 'Look here, Mr. Mathews, if you don't change your name, we shan't get a crust!'"

"Ah!" said the leading man, in a burst of admiration, "what an actor;—take him for all in all, this age will never see another Charles Mathews. I shall never forget how he put down a presumptuous young actor on one occasion. It was at York. Contrary to his general custom, he astonished everybody by attending rehearsal, a thing he seldom did when he was 'starring' the provinces. Well, we had in our company a well-to-do young fellow, with more money than brains, who, it seems, had met the great light comedian previously; in fact, it was whispered that Charles was, or had been, under some pecuniary obligation to the party in question. Whether this was true or not, I cannot say; but certain it is, when Mathews arrived, the well-to-do novice treated him in the most familiar manner. It was Charley here—Charley there—and Mathews, old boy, all over the place, to the evident dislike of the great man. 'Well, Charley, old fellow,' quoth the youth, 'I'm glad I'm acting with you, for I don't know a line, and what's more, upon my honour, I shan't, because I know you'll pull me through—eh, old boy?' Mathews smiled, but there was a mischievous glitter in his eye as he muttered an off-hand 'All right; we'll see.' Well, night came, and with it the entrance of my unblushing young friend, dressed within an inch of his life. His first speech was with Charles; for a minute or so he gabbled off some nonsense or another, and paused; but Mathews took not the slightest notice. Rather surprised, the youth gabbled something again; still Mathews took no heed of him. Completely crestfallen, the fellow came to a dead stop, and stared helplessly at the motionless comedian. At last, after a long and painful pause, Charles woke up, and taking the youngster by the arm, led him down to the footlights, and, addressing the audience, said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is one of the most truthful young gentlemen I ever met, and I have great pleasure in introducing him to your notice. This morning, at rehearsal, he assured me on his honour that he wouldn't know a line of his part, and he has kept his word—he doesn't!' Then, turning up the stage, and resuming his character, he commenced in his well-known style, 'Oh, yes, of course, I know what you are going to say; you were about to observe'—and so he chatted the abashed youth off into the wings, where, patting him on the shoulder, Charles said, in the most good-natured way imaginable, 'There, dear boy, I think I PULLED YOU THROUGH THAT, didn't I?'"

"But, great as he was, he couldn't please everybody," said the low comedian. "I don't know whether you have heard it, or whether you haven't, but a good story is told of him in one of our smoky Midland towns. He was playing 'Puff' in the *Critic* one night, and was acting, too, in his very best form. Boxes and pit were screaming, but the gallery couldn't understand the motive of the piece at all. One of the gods, in a high state of disgust, made for the door, where he met a friend: 'Is it ower?' asked the friend. 'Noa,' was the sullen answer. 'Wot's up; isn't it good?' 'Niver seed aught so bad i' my life.' 'I thowt this Mathews chap wur so good?' 'Oh, aye, he's none so bad, but for t' rest on 'em, they know nowt about it; so he has to tell 'em wot to do and wot to say, an' I niver seed sich a d—d muddle i' all my life!' And away the fellow went, firm in the conviction that the whole thing was a complete swindle."

"I don't know anything more annoying than an unappreciative audience," chimed

in the leading man, "unless it is to find your pet author not so well known in his native place as you could wish. Here is an illustration of what I mean. I was supporting Charles Dillon in one of his starring tours. Well, it so happened, we had to pass through Rochester, and Dillon made up his mind to stay there for a couple of hours or so. After driving to the 'Falstaff,' Gadshill, and seeing all we possibly could, we called, on our way back to the station, at a certain hotel made famous by Pickwick and his friends staying there. We were shown into a quaint, old-fashioned room by a severe-looking and melancholy waiter. Refreshment was ordered, and Dillon, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, asked, 'Which is the room Pickwick, Snodgrass, and party invited Jingle to supper in?' The man gravely left the room, and on returning, said to Dillon, as he placed our liquor on the table, 'I've inquired at the bar, sir, and no commercial travellers of that name have been here for a long time, sir!'"

"No man is a prophet in his own country," said the low comedian. Talking of Dillon, I remember playing in *Hamlet* once when an incident occurred which I think is worth telling. All went as smoothly as possible till the play was about half over, when a party of officers, accompanied by ladies, entered one of the stage boxes. No sooner were they seated than it became apparent that they had made up their minds to laugh at everything. The ladies were worse even than the gentlemen, and, with their faces steeped in paint to the lips, they were, of course, all the more conspicuous. In vain the box-keeper spoke to them, in vain the audience murmured; they all pursued their system of annoyance. In the fifth act the address to Yorick's skull seemed to them the funniest part of all. Suddenly Dillon paused, then walked slowly over to the box, and holding the skull right in front of the painted faces, said, 'Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her LAUGH AT THAT.' Then, with a low bow to the box, he turned away amidst a roar of approval from the whole audience, during which the parties in question left the house."

"By the way," said the heavy man, "I want to tell you a funny thing before I forget it. When I was with that eccentric manager, Stephney West, he happened one night to see Fechter act, and from that moment he was in love with everything French; so much so, that when an old favourite dancer, known as Billy Tate, was re-engaged for his theatre, Stephney announced him at the head of the bills as Mons. W. Tate. When the dancer arrived and saw the bills, he flew off in search of the manager, and found him in an hotel. 'What do you mean by announcing me as Mons. W. Tate?' cried the enraged dancer. 'Who the deuce will know me as Mons. W.? Mons. W. indeed!' 'Pardon me,' said a by-stander, 'but apart from any question of injury, it isn't correct.' 'Not correct!' roared Stephney. 'Why isn't it correct?' 'Because,' was the calm reply, 'there is no W in the French alphabet.' 'Oh, that be hanged for a tale,' was the indignant rejoinder; 'if there's no W in the French language, how the devil do you spell oui, oui?'"

"Was that the time you played in Wales?" asked the first old man. "No," replied the heavy man; "but I remember a funny circumstance there. It was our manager's first attempt at management, and, strange to say, though the town was notoriously bad for theatricals, he had made it pay, and handsomely, too—so much so that he took it for the next season. Well, everybody had left for the next town. Henry alone remained behind to pay some trifles of debt, say good-bye to a few friends, and then follow. He called at his favourite hotel, and was invited into the private snug. There he was introduced to a white-haired old gentleman as the successful manager. Henry, with an eye to the future, made himself agreeable. Champagne was introduced, Henry feeling it his duty to bear the lion's share. The white-haired man, in a speech, complimented Henry on not being one of those impecunious managers who had previously infested the place, and by their dodges to raise money had brought the theatre into such contempt. What they wanted was a man of means, a man of substance, and they had got him, whereupon, promising Henry his ardent support next season, the old gentleman left. After a while Henry said good-bye to all friends there, and departed also for his train. Counting his money, he found that he was short of his fare. What was to be done? Only one thing. He whipped up a bye street into a pawnbroker's shop, and, producing his gold watch, said, 'Lend me two pounds on that, please.' Then, raising his eyes, he saw, standing amazed behind the counter, the WHITE-HAIRED OLD GENTLEMAN who had made the complimentary speech."

After the laughter came a dead lull, so much so that the precocious youth seized the opportunity for his story: "That reminds me, gentlemen, when I first joined this circuit I met with——" On the word there came a sudden crash of bells announcing the death of the old year and the birth of the new. In an instant every tumbler was raised, and the youth's story was drowned in a tumult of hand-shaking, good wishes, and a hearty toast to all friends and relations far away.—HAL LOWTHER.

My First Appearance as "Jack Sheppard."

PASS over many incidents of my boyhood's career that might cause pain to the living and disparage the dead, until I find myself seated in the gallery of the "Bower Saloon," wondering at the acting, admiring the beauty of Miss Georgina Hodson, and listening to the fiddle-playing of her father in the orchestra. I cannot quite remember the piece I saw, but it was something in which Georgie Hodson played a principal part and sang. From that time forth I had a decided mania for the stage, and my visits to the "Bower" became frequent. The stage-door, I remember, opened into a little garden; and one night I stood outside listening to the actors' voices on the stage, and the sound of their frequent footsteps on the stairs of the dressing-rooms, when I heard for the first time the loud voice of Harry Dudley, chasing a little "call-boy," threatening to "cut off your head with this combat sword if you say that again." The "call-boy" was poor Fred. Marchant, who afterwards became a dear friend of mine. My mother and grandmother, together with the rest of the family, moved, or rather re-moved, from Westminster to Somers Town, and we had not been in that neighbourhood very long before Tommy in his daily peregrinations discovered, for the first time in his young life, what a "Portable Theatre" was, with its gipsy-like company. I dare say if these lines should ever be scanned by the eyes of Peter Harmer he may be able to vouch for their truth, when I write that I was a lad of about twelve years of age, looking upon three or four able-bodied men handling long poles (one, I believe, is called the King Pole) and rudely making "shutters," covering them with a canvas, called a "tent," and forming an auditorium to seat from a hundred to one hundred and fifty people. The way in which my mouth watered when I saw the painted proscenium fastened in its place in front of a rudely-constructed platform called "the stage," must have caused him to make use of the words, which still live in my memory and make my heart beat with sweetest music, "Well, my lad, you've been watching us for some time; lend us a hand to put the carpet down, will you?" "Yes, sir, where is it?" "In the sack that stands up in that corner." I thought it a strange place to keep a carpet, but everything seemed strange then. I put my hand into the sack, and quickly pulled it out again, filled with sawdust. "It's not here, if you please, sir," said I. "Oh, yes, it is; you've got part of it in your hand now." "No, sir, I have only some sawdust." "Well, that's it; throw it down all over the floor as quick as you can; we shall soon have to parade." Whatever was "parade," I wondered? I was not kept in ignorance long, for a box of clumsy make was quickly emptied of its contents, and I was, as I may say, swaddled into a long, large "skirt" with faded trimmings, which nearly tripped me up at every step I took. Finally, when the "Company" were all fitly attired in costumes, comprising heroes ranging from the Conquest to King George, we received the martial order to "go on parade," and in a sort of "follow my leader," single file, we ascended step after step of the ricketty and dangerous auditorium until we came to the parade. I can only liken my feelings at that moment to what I should imagine would be those of a culprit when handed up, on a Monday morning, the steps leading to a platform with a black beam outside Newgate, for my breath seemed to leave me, and my knees literally knocked together. Hundreds of upturned faces were gazing on us as I listened to the stentorian voice of Harry Carron, shouting, "Walk up! Walk up! The only show in the fair where the legitimate drama can be witnessed, impersonated by first-class artistes from all the principal theatres in the United Kingdom. The great and harrowing drama of *Jack Sheppard* in seven tableaux, to be followed by a comic song and a dance; the whole concluding with a gorgeous Pantomime, in which the whole strength of the company will appear. Walk up! Walk up! It's only a penny to the gallery, remember; only a penny." And then a loud beating of the drum, followed by a Highland Fling, danced by a poor little girl—dressed in fleshings, Scotch stockings, and a muslin skirt—shivering with the cold October winds. Then a few stale jokes passed between the clown and an improvised Yorkshire yokel, with a final performance of the "first set" by the whole of the "talented performers." By this time perhaps a dozen or so of the outside gazers were induced, by no ordinary amount of curiosity, to pay down their money on the head of the drum, and enter the precincts of the "Temple of the Drama." This mode of advertising and touting was continued several times until a decent house had been obtained, when we were ordered behind. I no sooner arrived there than Harmer, or Carron, as he was then called,

asked me if I had ever seen the drama of *Jack Sheppard*. I answered that I had seen Skelt's Characters and Scenes. "All right; that will do," said he. "I'll tell you what to say every time you come off. Tuck up your trousers. Here, mother, hand me a bit of string. Here, tie this round your knees, and keep your trousers up. You've seen Jack on the stool, carving his name on the beam, haven't you?" "Yes, sir." "Now, what shall we do for an apron? Pull the front of your shirt over your trousers—that's it. Here's a pocket-knife; stand here;" and with a piece of chalk Carron wrote the name of Jack Sheppard across a rude drop-scene. Then with a few more words of instruction, such as—"Now, you know, you are a lazy, idle young scamp. Your master is Owen Wood. He has a wife who dislikes you, and is fond of your fellow-apprentice, called Thames. You can remember Thames—the same as the river?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you have a quarrel with Thames about your master's daughter, Winny. You are told to take a box to Lady Trafford's to put her jewellery in; you steal a diamond minature; Thames wants it; you won't give it up; and he is about to rush upon you to take it. Grand struggle; close with him, and raise your knife. Winny comes between. End of act first—you understand?" He then went to the side of the stage, and rang a sort of muffin-bell with one hand, and seized hold of two dirty bits of clothes line with the other, when up went the dingy curtain, which might fitly be called the rag, and to my utter astonishment I found myself faced by the audience, whose wonder at seeing my bashful awkwardness and slovenly costume was intensified by my obstinate reticence, for not a word could I utter until a little, thin, pock-marked woman, in a mob-cab and an untidy tuck-up, came on, and giving me a bouncing box on the ear, exclaimed, "So, Mr. Jack, idle again; neglecting your work as usual! Ah! I'm ashamed of you; look at Thames—he's a model of an apprentice." This rather riled me, because I knew I had helped to put the "carpet" down, and, moreover, had been walking round the parade, so I up and said, "Oh! is he, and ain't I a model, too? Ain't I been at work, too? I tell yer what it is—I shan't stand this much longer;" and then I began to unclasp the pocket-knife, and gave it a sort of "Softy" leer. Suddenly I saw Harmer at the wings, gesticulating in a manner which I interpreted into, "You mustn't do it to her." Then on he came as Thames. "Ah! what's this; scolding poor Jack as usual?" "Yes, he's a lazy young vagabond, and a thief as well." Now, I had always prided myself upon my honesty, and having no recollection of having taken anything from their show—not even a handful of the "carpet"—I hardly comprehended for a moment whether the woman in the tuck-up was in earnest, or merely assuming her part. However, Thames at this moment pretended to put his hand into my breast and pulled out a piece of dirty cardboard, on which was rudely drawn in charcoal the head of a man, he at the same time exclaiming, "Why, Jack, where did you get this miniature, surrounded by diamonds?" Not perceiving the trick of his having palmed the supposed miniature, I really began to feel quite nervous, and exclaimed, "I don't know." "Oh, yes, you do," said he; "you took it from Lady Trafford's jewel box." "Oh did I?" "Why, of course you did;" and with an *aside*, "Didn't I tell you to say so?" "Oh, yes, I did," said I. "Well, then, it must be returned—you must take it back." "Very well, I will," said I. "No, no!" said Thames, "you won't" (*aside*). "Why won't I?" Now, as this happened to be quite contrary to the plot, I presume Harmer was in a dilemma how to render it intelligible to the audience, and at once he took all the dialogue of the rest of the act upon himself, until he gave me a final *aside*—"Rush upon me with your knife!" And when, in my natural fear, I hesitated, he took the initiative with—"Ah! the young scoundrel, he will take my life! Nay, then, thus"—and seizing me by the hand, flung me down in the right-hand corner, and was advancing upon me with the knife, when the poor little girl with the Scotch stockings and fleshings ran into the centre, and exclaimed, "Jack, Jack! oh, spare him, for I love him!"—and down came the rag. When this harrowing drama (which lasted at least a quarter of an hour) was over, I was told by Peter and Harry that I had "got through pretty well," and that I should "get on if I stuck to it;" and, after having played Jack thirteen times that day, I received a half-crown for my first dramatic efforts.—J. B. Howe.

The most wonderful feat ever accomplished by a dramatic author is ascribed to Théaulon, a French writer. Having promised M. Dormeuil (then and till quite recently manager of the Palais-Royal) to bring him a one-act piece for Déjazet, entitled *La Pêrichole*, he was a long time before keeping his word, but at last, after repeated remonstrances on the director's part, appeared one afternoon with the MS. under his arm, and read it to M. Dormeuil, who at once accepted the play. Judge of the manager's surprise, however, when, on looking at the MS., he found all its pages blank. Théaulon had improvised his piece from one end to the other!

Dramatic Reminiscences.

A GOOD many years ago, my grandfather, Richard Hughes, was lessee and part owner of the western circuit of theatres, comprising Exeter, Plymouth, Jersey, Weymouth, &c., and, at different times, he had among his company two young actors, each of whom took a line very different to that in which he afterwards distinguished himself; for in an old-fashioned provincial company there were but few performers, and amongst them "general utility for the good of the commonwealth" was the prevailing rule and maxim, since the star-system was then unknown, and, in fact, would have been impracticable. One of these youthful artists was Edmund Kean, the versatility of whose genius was frequently shown by his taking part in the opening drama or tragedy, dancing a hornpipe between the acts, and concluding the evening as harlequin in the pantomime. His lithe, active frame made him an admirable athlete and dancer, and he was indebted to these early exercises for many of the startling effects which he subsequently introduced into his representation of tragedy, especially in the *Iron Chest*, when, as "Sir Richard Mortimer," he fell dead like a stone, motionless at once—a climax that was terrific in its realism.

The other was John Liston, whose ambition was to take "first business" in tragedy, and who had, for some time, been fortunate enough to follow uninterruptedly the dictates of his fancy. But my grandfather used often to say, "I made John Liston's fortune," and this was how it happened. King George III. and Queen Charlotte were great patrons of the drama, and whenever they were staying at their favourite watering-place, Weymouth, my grandfather was accustomed to present himself every morning at Gloucester House (now the Royal Gloucester Hotel), and loyally to inquire what performance their Majesties would be pleased to command for that evening. Now, on one occasion, the piece selected was Miss Lee's now forgotten comedy, *The Chapter of Accidents*, in which is the character of a raw, awkward, country lad, taken from the fields to be trained into a lady's footman. The actor of this part was suddenly taken ill, and the only member of the company not otherwise cast was Liston. Great was his dismay at such a fall from his altitudes, but his remonstrances were unavailing. "There is no help for it, Liston," said my grandfather; "you must just do the best you can. I'll make an apology for you—short notice, and so forth." "But really—I—I——," stammered Liston, "I can't play comedy,—I—I——." "My good fellow," interposed my grandfather, "if you really *can't*, why we must shut the house, and what will His Majesty say then?" Thus pressed, Liston yielded to his fate; and when, at night, he shambled on to the stage as "Jacob Gawky," the audience almost rose at him, for the very drollery of his face was sufficient, without his uttering a word, to convulse the house; and so long as he was on the stage no attention was given to those who were acting with him. It is needless to say that he never again aspired to tragedy, but was content, thanks to this fortunate occurrence, to pass his life as the greatest comedian of the time.

Liston was much addicted to practical jokes. When he was a boy, there was an elderly man in the village who was accustomed to shorten his day's work by taking an afternoon nap in a sunny corner of a neighbouring lane; and, as his mouth was always open during his sleep, the temptation of rousing him in the usual schoolboy fashion was, to Liston, quite irresistible. One day, angry at being so frequently disturbed, the man snapped his teeth sharply together, and made Master Johnny pay for his pleasantry; but, a few days afterwards, on a repetition of the annoyance, he again bit deeply, not on his tormentor's finger, but—into a tallow candle.

One evening, during an engagement in London, the business of the stage required that he should shake hands with Mrs. Bland, the delightful and popular vocalist. As he did so, she started back with a shrill scream; he had clapped a raw oyster in her hand. On another occasion he had utilised the ten minutes' absence from the stage by repairing to the property-room, and enhancing his natural ugliness by gilding his nose. On his return to the front his fellow-comedians were quite overcome by the comicality of such an adornment. In vain did they retire up the stage, endeavouring to regain their composure. The scene finished with voices choked by laughter, while he, with the utmost gravity, enjoyed their discomfiture—E. F. G.

The Old Bower Theatre.

SOME years ago, after having at a fair at Nott Mill, Manchester, for the sum of one penny, seen *Richard the Third* and *Black-eyed Susan* played in five minutes, and having heard there was a veritable penny theatre in Lambeth, called the Bower, I paid it a visit; the night was Saturday, the hour seven. The exterior of the theatre was gay with bills, and the interior was redolent with the odour of unwashed urchins, who seemed to be the principal patrons. After a struggle with boot-blacks, and other street arabs, we gained the front row of the pit, for which, besides the struggle, we paid a penny extra. We were surrounded by numbers of half-grown boys, who were armed with pea-shooters, putty-blowers, orange-peel, cabbage-stalks, potatoes, and peas-pudding, with which we learnt, from their conversation, they meant to pelt the unfortunate musical director as soon as he took his seat on a Carr's blacking-box, placed on a beer-keg in the orchestra. Presently he appeared, and leaning over the rail, shook a dirty little fist at the audience, and shouted in a squeaky voice, "Come any of your games to-night, and I'll smash you!" He then quietly mounted his blacking-box, and, assisted by his four brother-musicians, struck up the overture amid roars of laughter from the audience, who fired their missiles at his bald cranium, making his fiddling very jerky, although he stuck to it like a martyr. On the conclusion of his and our torture hostilities ceased, and the curtain rose, disclosing the faded view of a forest, with a hut on the prompt side about the size of a dog's kennel, through the door of which wriggled with difficulty a ferocious-looking being, clad in a striped shirt, a kind of short petticoat, and leggings, which afterwards proved to be made of paper. This formidable personage, whose belt was filled with an armoury of knives, cutlasses, and pistols, having bowed, and treated with lofty contempt such greetings as, "Who stole his mother's petticoat?" "Who prigged the butcher's carving-knife?" proceeded to tell the audience that he shortly expected the Pirate King. "Why don't yer bring him on, then," shouted some one from the gallery, "and not stand chow-chowing there?" Hurried music, a voice calling, "Bertrand, where art thou?" Sudden appearance of a gaudily-attired middle-aged gentleman, armed with a long sword and a pair of imitation pistols, and a roar of applause from the audience. The Pirate King had come. *Pirate King:* "The girl will be here anon, and you, Bertrand, without using unnecessary violence, must secure and carry her on board the lugger. Once there, she is mine." *Audience:* "Bravo! Bantling." *Bertrand:* "It shall be done, captain." *Small boy in pit:* "Yer said he was a king, and now yer calls him a capting, you old duffer." The Old Duffer, grasping one of his numerous pistols, looked as if he would have liked to lay it about the head of the insulting urchin, bowed low to the Pirate King, as that worthy made his exit, with much success. Girl appears, is pounced on by Old Duffer, but declines to be abducted. Old Duffer, finding her more than his match, calls on pirate to help him. Pirate King rushes on, and seizes the right wrist of the girl, Old Duffer taking the left. Girl breaks loose, recaptured by Pirate King and Old Duffer. Girl screams, is rescued by ugly sailor, who exclaims, "Just in time to save the trimmest craft I ever saw from being boarded by two piratical swabs!" While Pirate King and Old Duffer crawl off, wondering why ugly sailor's hands are so hard and heavy, the scene closes in. The next scene, representing a house collapsed, with Pirate King and Old Duffer under it. In readjusting the scenery two of the company quarrelled, and came to blows on the stage. This was the success of the evening, and so gratified the audience that their excitement knew no bounds. The curtain had to be lowered, amid a shower of vegetable offerings, which ended the first act of *Crime by the Sea; or, Knife to Knife.* The second act, bar an altercation caused by the musical director accusing some one in the gallery of throwing fried fish on the big drum, passed off smoothly.

In one of the four private boxes sat a rather respectable middle-aged man with a bald head, who viewed the acting with seeming contempt, and who began to hiss so vigorously that one of the pitites exclaimed, "Shut up, old lard-head, or you'll bust yerself!" This remark seemed to encourage the Old Duffer, who addressed the audience, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, there are several unseemly ruffians present who are here to create a disturbance, and not to witness the acting——" "What!" screamed the old man, jumping up and leaning out of the stage-box, "acting, did you say?—where?—where? You don't call yourself an actor; lying on the floor grimacing ain't acting; perhaps you think you are acting now, standing there lecturing the audience for

condemning the most atrocious attempt at acting I ever saw!" The Old Duffer could stand it no longer; with a quick movement he caught the old man, and pulled him headforemost on to the stage. The old man, to save himself, caught his assailant by the leg, and tripped him up, pulling off his paper leggings, and displaying a pair of stockings that had been strangers to soap and water for many a day. The combatants struggled to their feet, and struck out right and left, while the audience cried, "Fight fair. Two to one on Baldy; ten to one on Old Duffer." The old man blinked like an owl in the daytime, and seemed as though he were meditating a retreat, but suddenly lowered his head, and butted like a ram at the stomach of the Old Duffer, who, gasping for breath, threw his arms into the air and executed a fine back-fall into the orchestra, descending on the big drum, and rebounding like a ball.

The whole theatre was in an uproar. Not wishing to see the pugnacious conductor torn limb from limb, and not being able to get through the crowd, we stepped on to the orchestra rail, and from thence gained the stage. The actors at first seemed inclined to resent our intrusion, but ultimately permitted us to leave by the stage-door, greatly amused with our evening at the Bower Theatre.—G. A. Farini.

Confusion.

I THINK I may safely say I was in a happy state of mind. If I was not, I certainly should have been. I was appearing at the Pantheon in a new play, which was drawing all the town. I had made a success, and on this morning was just sitting down to breakfast, and looking through the columns of the "Thunderer." They were criticising the new play, and said that I made a very interesting lover. This was pleasant. I was evidently getting on in the profession. I smiled as I thought of a little joke I had played on my friend Quille, the editor of the "Gadfly," and then, in the "agony" column, my eyes rested on the following paragraph:—"Will the noble-looking gentleman who took the 'bus to Kew on the 29th inst., call upon Lady Eveleen, 1, Portman Square?" I let my hands fall with a crash on the table, thereby destroying a china cup which Mrs. Gimp, my landlady, afterwards charged me with as "anteek china."

Now, on the 29th of March, after a long and tedious rehearsal, I thought of rushing out of town and taking a little fresh air. I took the 'bus to Kew; I sat inside. Shortly after getting in, a young lady also availed herself of the conveyance. I was not so wrapped up in the thoughts of my new part that I could not observe that she was very pretty, of medium stature, with light golden hair, and the loveliest blue eyes that ever played havoc with the heart of a susceptible man. Her age—no, a woman's age should never be told—but if I hazarded a guess I should say she was about twenty years. We were the sole occupants of the carriage. She was reading what I took to be a novel. The volume dropped from her hand: I hastened to pick it up. "Milton's Poems" was printed on the cover. She thanked me with a sweet smile. I made some remark about the weather. (Bless the weather, what a capital topic it always is!) Then about Milton. From Milton to Shakespeare is not a long stride. I spoke of the great Pan with all the enthusiasm of a player. She listened with interest, and answered as if she revered the great writer. In a few moments she bade me good morning, and left me. The rest of the day I raved of her blue eyes, and then I saw the notice in the paper. Now, you can guess my excitement. But was I the person alluded to; or was it a horrible joke? No, that could hardly be.

I rushed to my room, carefully looked at my wavy locks, and sallied out to Portman Square. I must confess that it was with some trepidation that I stood before the majestic mansion, and read on the plate "Sir Tomkyns de Vere." So then my *inamorata* was one of the "hupper succle." The thought was elysiam. In answer to my ring, a magnificent lacquey opened the door, and, after looking superciliously at my card, ushered me into the study. I looked at the bookcases. I looked all round me, to convince myself that I was not dreaming, when I heard footsteps outside, and a portly gentleman entered. He might have been fifty years of age, with a singularly unintellectual countenance. He was arrayed in a morning gown, and looked at my card through his heavy gold eyeglasses. We mentally surveyed each other for a moment, and then he said, "Who 'ave I the pleasure of haddressing?" I may have been mistaken, but I think he was rather uncertain about his aspirates. I briefly told him my name and profession. When I mentioned to him that I was an actor, he staggered back and shouted, "A hactor! 'Ave I lived to see a hactor in my 'ouse?" He was very bald, but three small hairs on the top of his cranium really stood

on end, so great was his amazement. I knew what the British matron was. I had seen her faint at walking near a poor, virtuous, hard-working ballet-girl; and yet this matron had sent her own daughter into a ballroom outrageously *decolletée*, and had circulated indecent novels in her own household; but I was hardly prepared for the British pater. This man before me had probably made his fortune from pigs, and now was insulted because an actor stood before him. "Very well," I said, "if I am a horrible object in your sight, at least your daughter knows how to respect me." He looked aghast at me. "My darter! Are you mad? or are you a playing your jokes hat me? 'Ave a care 'ow you provokes me, Mr. Player!" I was scarlet. "Your age protects you!" I exclaimed; "at least, let me see the Lady Eveleen!" He favoured me with another look. "Do you know that hi'm a bachelor? But hi'll let you see!" He rushed out, and locked the door after him. I was caged. Was this some awful trap? I tore the paper from my pocket: there was no mistake. I was in No. 1, Portman Square.

Footsteps again at the door. This time the footman entered, then came the baronet, and then—oh, horror!—came two policemen. No time was given me to explain matters or talk; I was handcuffed and led away on a charge of intimidation, imposition, and using dreadful language! and I am as peaceful a man as Job ever was! What was to become of me? What would the papers say? What were they to do at the theatre without me? A thousand horrid thoughts ran through my mind, and I reflected (as I was carried in a hansom) that every hoarding had in placards, "Arrest of an actor!" in letters six feet high. You can imagine my feelings. I was at once brought before a magistrate, and the charge against me stated. I was an actor, but before I could proceed further I saw talkiug to the worshipful justice my friend Quille, on whom I had played a mischievous joke a few days previously. The magistrate laughed heartily, and said there had been a mistake somewhere, and ordered me to be released.

I looked at Quille; Quille looked at me. "You're a nice young man," he said, and led me away. Then he told me that his wife (unknown to me) had met me in the 'bus; how eloquently I had spoken of Shakespeare, and how, as a small revenge, he had concocted this little scheme for the First of April! I forgave Mrs. Quille, whom I met afterwards, but I don't think I shall ever forgive her husband. However, he made me the *amende honorable*, and wrote a sensational paragraph about a popular actor, a wealthy baronet, and a lovely maiden, which somehow got me into not a little notoriety.—JAMES J. SCANLAN.

"No Time!"

"WRETCH!" screamed the Comtesse at the Comte, with the most tragic *rictus* her features could assume under their paint. "I arrest you in the name of the law!" continued solemnly the police commissary, and as his men advanced a step towards the Comte—ping! a pistol shot rang through the room. The Comte had blown out his brains; and the curtain fell.

Having blown out his brains, Jules Blaisot, who played the *rôle* of the Comte in the melodrama of which we have just given the *dénouement*, got up, wiped the dust from his clothes, passed his fingers through his false hair, and went before the curtain to receive the applause that a generous public never withholds from persons who break their heads before its eyes; then, having quickly changed his costume, he stepped out on the boulevard. It was a Sunday in summer. The melodrama, *The Comte's Crime*, had been given at an afternoon performance. It was about five o'clock, and Jules Blaisot returned to his lodgings at a rapid pace. A singular personage, this actor. Tall, thin, dark, always in a hurry, like most men of the present day, he never had the time to remain for five minutes, his head between his hands, and taste the sweet enjoyment of giving his thoughts to trifles, or of thinking of nothing at all. His life had been in no way remarkable; parents and friends dead here and there, a catastrophe of one kind or other every six months, and a varied despondency every five or six days. Such is the very ordinary balance-sheet. He never had leisure, besides, to dive too deeply into his situation. Woes and joys whirled past in his rapid life, like gloomy or smiling landscapes at either side of an express train. They left no trace—or almost none. The last catastrophe had been the death of his wife, a ballet-dancer at a provincial theatre, with whom he fell in love during one of his tours. Angèle—that was her name—had left him a child only six months old, called Riri, the

pet abbreviation of Henri. Immediate result: misery of the keenest order. Luckily, a comrade, an eminent journalist, the illustrious Cazenave, had got up a grand benefit for him and his boy, an affair which promised to bring in ten or twelve thousand francs or so. The performance was to take place that same evening.

No sooner had Blaisot passed the door of his rooms, than the nurse, a poorly-paid woman, charged with Riri's physical and moral education, came running up to the actor: "Monsieur! Monsieur!" she cried, out of breath. "What's the matter?" "Riri——" "Good God!" exclaimed Blaisot, expecting something terrible. "Well, out with it. Riri—?" "Says 'Papa,' sir!" "Ha!" "He can say 'Papa.' Come and see."

Jules Blaisot, though he scarcely had time, went to see. The fact that his son could say "Papa" had a certain effect on him after all. The news had infused a soft heat about his heart. "Papa!" he said; "Papa! Oh, the fine little fellow!" He looked at his watch. Half-past five; the performance at eight. And, between this and then, he must dine, read, write, go and see three leading actors, buy flowers for four fashionable actresses, &c., &c. Riri was squatted on the ground; he held a wooden spoon in his hand, and with it was making a sturdy noise on the floor, but no sooner did he see his father than he uttered a peculiar, very singular cry, a vague *heu-heu*! and held out his tiny little arms to be taken up. "Yes, I've time, ten minutes," said Blaisot, in a hurry. He caught up his boy, seated him on his knees, and, kissing his lips, commanded, "Come, say 'Papa.' Quick, since I've the time."

His son was his living portrait, his portrait from head to foot. The hall-porter, who was a judge in such matters, had declared the fact in a twinkling. "Come, say 'Papa.'" "Ta-ta," replied the child. "Pa-pa." "Ta-ta-ta." As Blaisot looked at him, his face brightened. "Yes, people may say what they like, it's nice to have a son when a fellow has means. Ah! if I had not so many occupations! Pa-pa." "Heu-heu." "Pa-pa." "Beu-beu." The lessons had no effect whatever. Suddenly Blaisot smiled; the child had caught his cheeks with his little hands, and these little fingers brought to his mind others. But he had never had leisure to weep for her, the mother. "Pa-pa." "Gheu! gheu! gheu!" "Come, say 'Papa,' there's a darling." "Gheu!"

Blaisot's disappointment found vent in a discouraged gesture, "Never mind," he said, "I'll stay on a little longer"; and, putting his watch back into his pocket, he began to think of other days. He even had time to weep a little. "Yes, she loved me, his mother; and I loved her, too, when there was not too much work. She had such strange eyes, and a tone of voice! Come, say 'Pa-pa.'" "Be! be! be!" "Ah, it's really too bad, too provoking; to think you have a son who said 'Papa,' and you weren't there to hear him." Blaisot lay down on his back, with the child on his breast, playing with him like one possessed, caressing him frantically, as if he wished to make up for all the time of his absence. But, while petting and dreaming, he still endeavoured to make the little fellow say "Papa." "Ta-ta!" answered Riri. "Come, Riri, quick. You're ten months old, you, and the porter's son said 'Papa' when he was only seven. The porter has time. Pa, pa." "Heu! heu!" "I have not a minute to teach my poor Riri anything—pa-pa!" "Beu!" "I'm very fond of you all the same, birdie; perhaps I love you all the more, my poor Riri, who can't say a word, by my fault." Then, in a gush of tenderness, he caught up the child, hoisted him in his arms, and kissed him so eagerly that Riri began to cry. "Yes, it would have caused me great joy had you said 'Papa'; but it will be for another time." And he looked at his watch sadly.

When Riri cried, he was for a long while inconsolable, so Jules Blaisot, who knew his son's weakness, took a drawer from a work-table, and give it him to rummage. Riri calmed down instantaneously, and began to throw the contents of the drawer on the floor. The nurse had gone out, Blaisot could not leave the child alone, so, putting his head between his hands, he began to think. "Yes, I shall have ten thousand francs to-morrow; I shall be almost rich; my son will be almost rich. How happy we shall be! No more provincial tours, but spending half my time with Riri, showing him how to play, how to make things; and I'll hear him say 'Papa.'"

"Ta-ta!" soliloquised Riri, who had quite emptied the drawer. His father gave him another, and resumed his thinking. "Then he must learn to walk; he'll have to be weaned; I'll buy him a pair of little trousers, and take him out to walk, by the hand, like that—it will be funny; and he'll call me 'Papa!'" "Teu! teu! teu!" Blaisot made a sudden bound, crying, "No! no! you mustn't touch that!" And he took from Riri a bundle of letters which he was beginning to tear up. "What's in them, I wonder?" he asked himself. They were very small letters, tied together by a blue ribbon. "Yes, some of her letters; I always wished to read them—" "Ta-ta!" continued Riri. Blaisot looked at the writing. "But I know that hand," he exclaimed, and, opening one of the envelopes, impatiently, he read the signature: "'Cazenave.' Good

heavens!" "Gheu! gheu! gheu!" whined Riri. The actor's eyes started from their sockets. "Love-letters to my wife!" he roared—"Beu! beu!"—and the poor fellow's head was on fire, as he read aloud, "My dearest Angèle, how are you? And how does our little son Riri go on?" Blaisot trembled. "Our son! Their son! Oh, God!" gripping his throat with his hands. "Pa-pa! pa-pa!" called out Riri, loudly and clearly. Poor Blaisot sank in his chair in a swoon. It was seven o'clock when the nurse brought a doctor to rouse him from his trance, by rubbing his temples with something that had a strong smell. Blaisot looked at his watch. "By Jove! barely the time; not an instant to spare!" Then memory returned, and he felt inclined to weep. He asked for Riri—"Master Henri," correcting himself. The nurse told him Riri was asleep. "Ah! all right; all right." He hesitated a little, went to the cradle, wished to bend over it, as his lips trembled, did not dare, and having picked up the letters, which still lay on the floor, and put them in his pocket, he left the house precipitately, turning his steps towards the theatre. On his way an omnibus nearly ran over him; Blaisot jumped back. "Yes. I must save the receipts for Rir—Master Henri!" He hurried his steps, fearing to be late. He was down for a recitation in the first part of the programme, and at the very end had to play the fourth act of *The Comte's Crime*.

"Wretch!" screamed, about a quarter past twelve, the Comtesse, quite as tragic and as much painted as in the afternoon; the commissary chimed in with his phrase; his myrmidons advanced each a step—"Ping!"—and, as he had done every night for two months, the Comte blew out his brains. Only the audience applauded and recalled the artist in vain. Poor Jules Blaisot did not reappear; he had blown out his brains in earnest. To put a real instead of a mock cartridge in a pistol does not take much time.

JEAN RAMEAU.

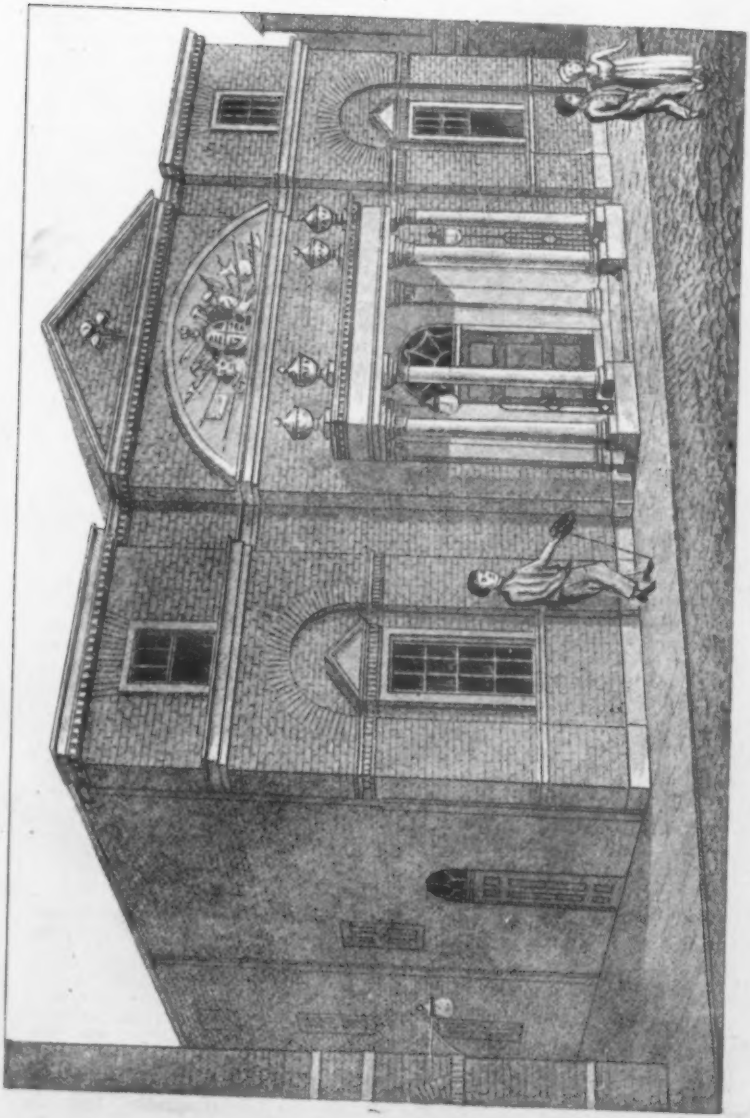
Provincial Theatres a Hundred Years Ago.

CONTINUING our Illustrations of the old country Theatres as they existed at the commencement of the present century, we now present views of those identified with the following places:

ANDOVER,	BRIGHTON,	NEWCASTLE,	BIRMINGHAM,
MARGATE,	LEWES,	LIVERPOOL,	MANCHESTER,

The Andover Theatre was first opened by Mr. Thornton on Easter Monday, 1803. The Margate Theatre, which cost about £3,000, was opened with *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *All the World's a Stage*, on the 27th of June, 1787. The old Brighton Theatre, in Duke Street, was erected in 1790. Lewes Theatre was built by Mr. Fox in 1780. The Newcastle Theatre, in Mosely Street, was opened with the comedy of *The Way to Keep Him*, in 1789. The Theatre Royal, Liverpool, in Williamson Square, was opened on June 5, 1772, with a prologue written by the elder George Coleman. The Birmingham Theatre, built on the ground occupied by a previous edifice destroyed by fire, was opened by Mr. Macready on the 18th of June, 1795. The Manchester Theatre Royal here represented, was opened with *Othello*, on Whit Monday, 1774.

SAYING GRACE.—The late Mr. Compton, the comedian, had been to a party in the country. Next day, on his way home, he stopped at a village inn and ordered dinner. He wore a long black coat over a dress suit, and had a white necktie. The landlord mistook him for a clergyman. "There is a meeting of clergy here to-day, sir, and they are about to dine. I'm sure the dean would be glad to have you join them." "Thank you," said Compton, who was very hungry: "I shall be glad." "I will take in your card," said the landlord. "I have no card," replied Compton; "you can say, 'Rev. Mr. Payne, who is passing through the town.'" The dean said they would be glad to give a strange brother a seat at the table. The "Rev. Mr. Payne" appeared, and the dean with courtesy placed him at his right hand and asked him to say grace. Compton felt a cold thrill run through him, but with perfect presence of mind recalled the opening portion of the church service, and hit upon the words for his purpose. In his rich, melodious voice he said, "O Lord, open Thou our lips, and our mouths shall show forth Thy praise."



NEWCASTLE.

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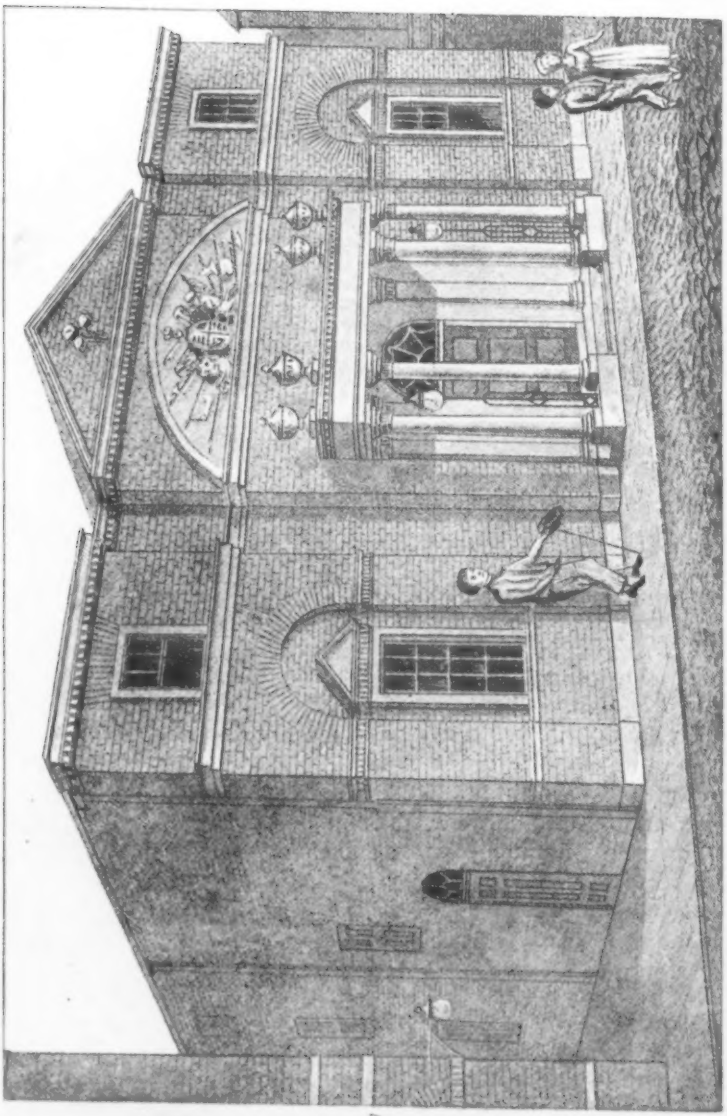

NEWCASTLE.

BRITISH
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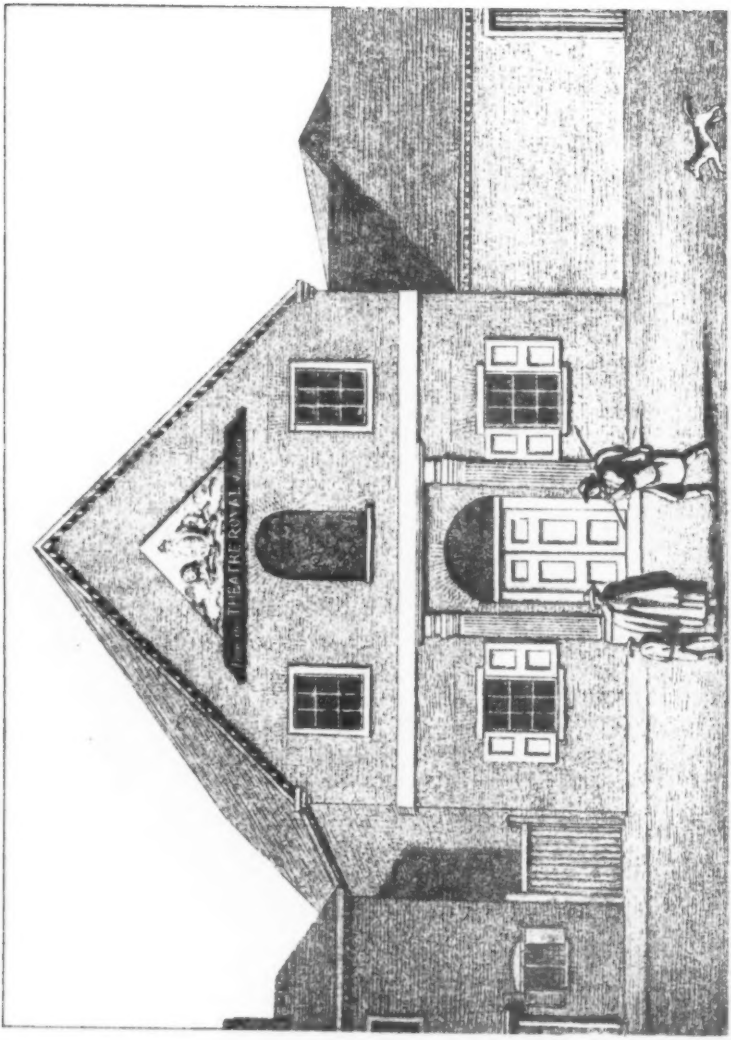

ANDOVER.

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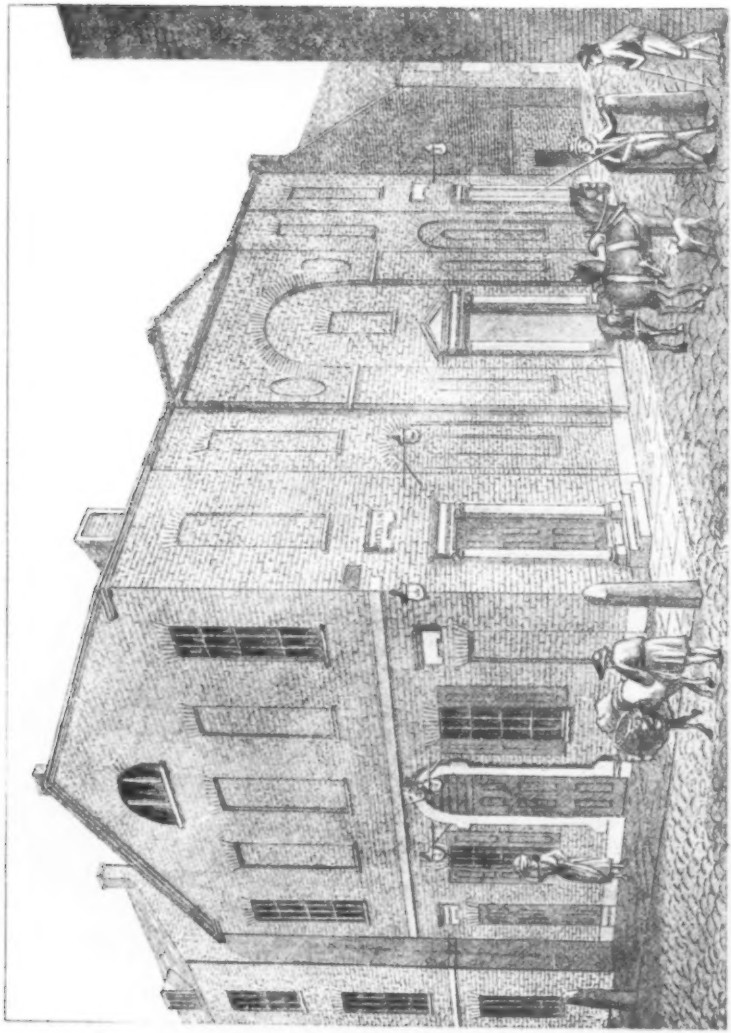

MANCHESTER.

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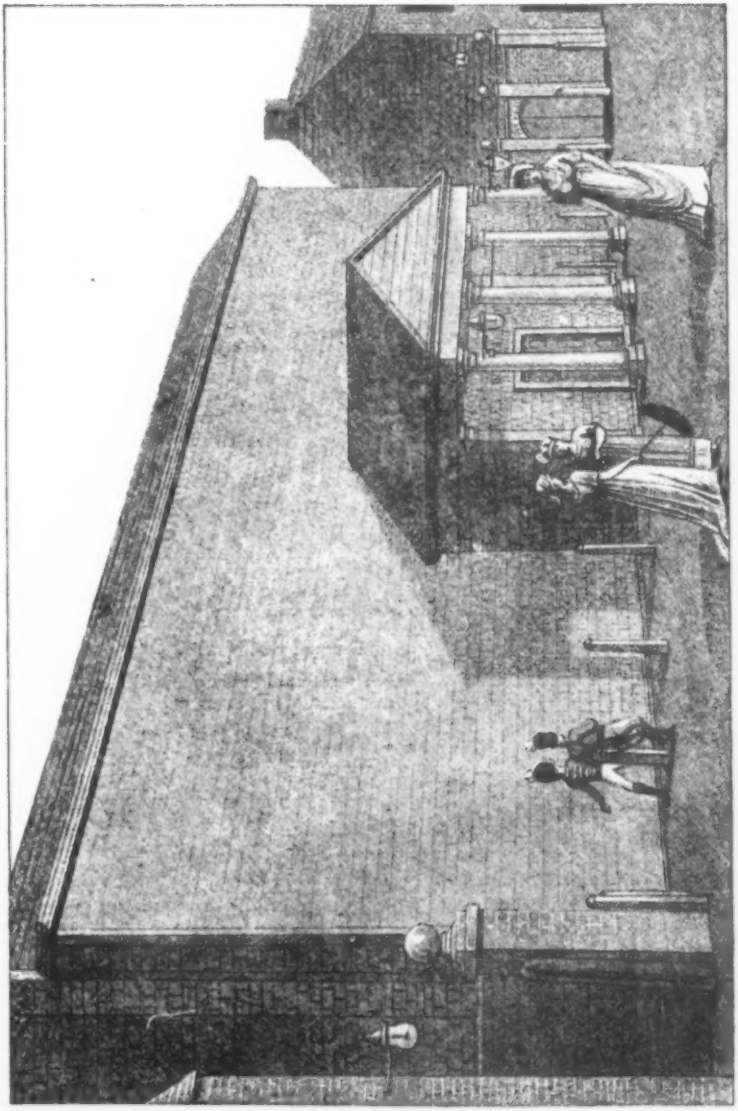

BRIGHTON.

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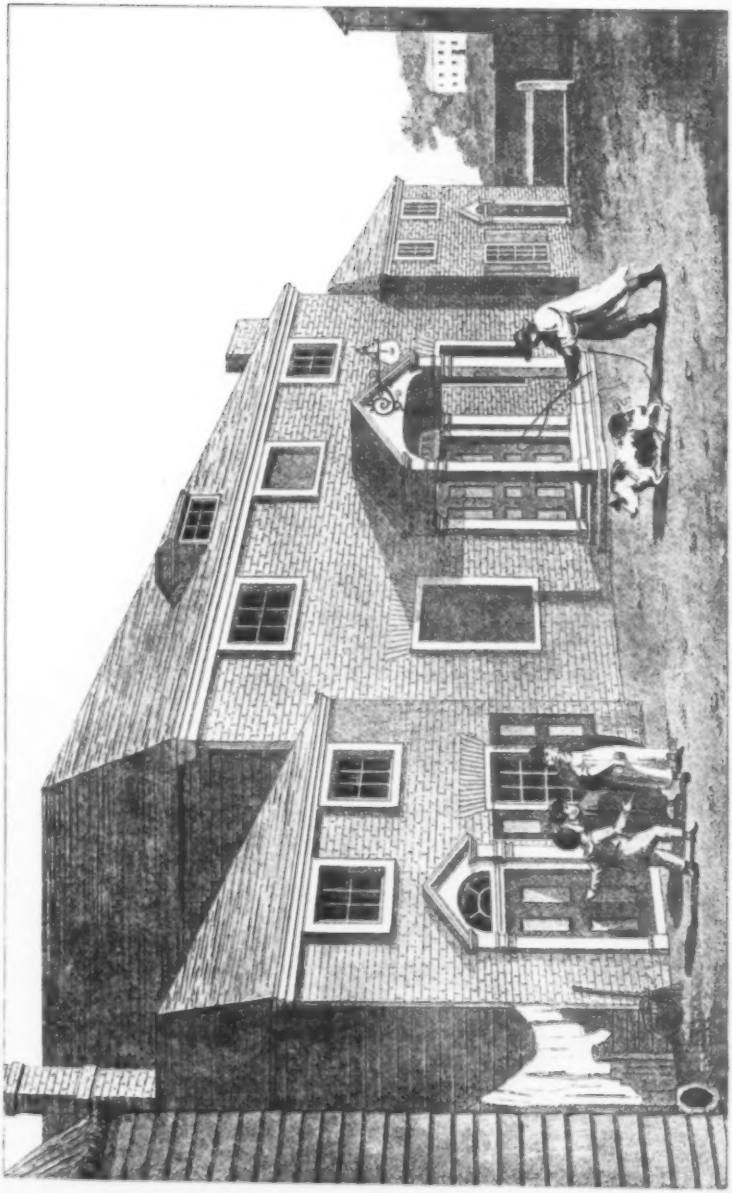

LEWES.

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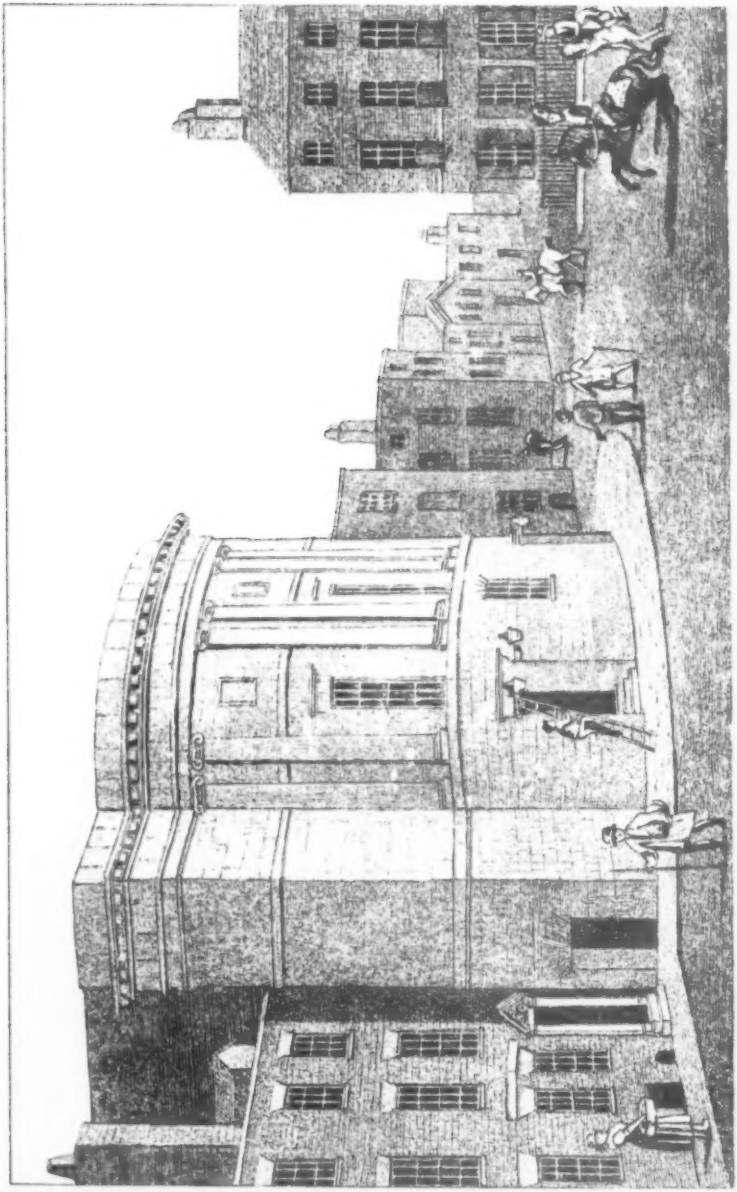

LIVERPOOL.

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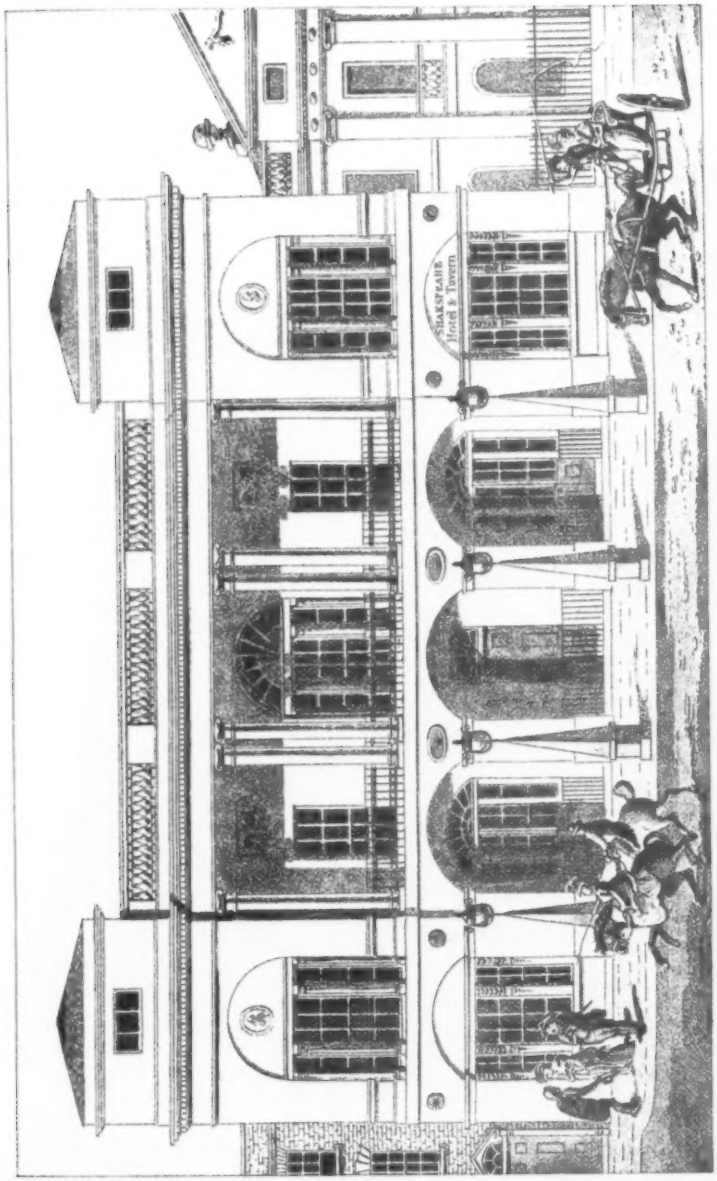

BIRMINGHAM.

BRITISH
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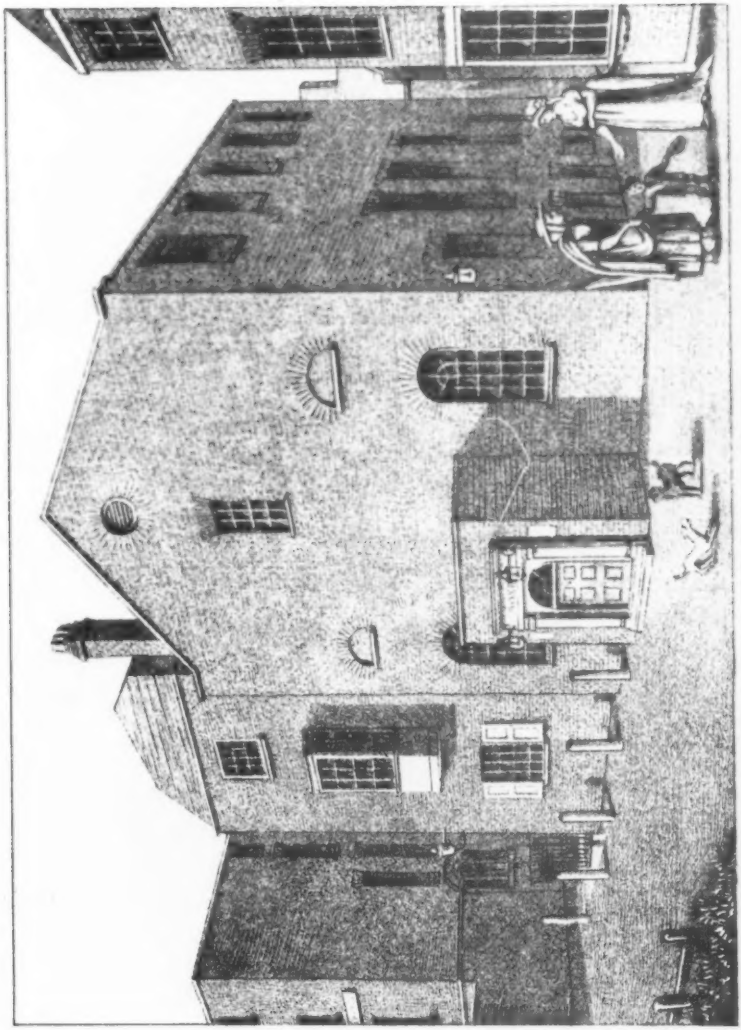

MARGATE.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

New Pieces

PRODUCED AT THE LONDON THEATRES

FROM DECEMBER, 1884, TO END OF NOVEMBER, 1885.

ADELPHI.

The Last Chance, drama, in five acts, by George R. Sims, April 4.
Roma; or, The Deputy, drama, in four acts, adapted from Victorien Sardou's play, "Daniel Rochat," by Gospodin Lubimoff (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Eastbourne, November 16), November 28.

AVENUE.

Tact, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Somers Bellamy and F. Romer, March 14.
The Fashionable Beauty, musical burletta, in three scenes, by George Moore and James M. Glover, April 7.
A Reign of Terror, farcical tragedy, in three acts, by Mark Melford (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Brighton, March 2), April 9.
Mikado, drama, in three acts, by Oswald Brand, May 28.

BRITANNIA.

King Kookoo; or, Harlequin Boo-Boo and the Golden Serpent, pantomime, by Frederick Bowyer, December 25.
Home Once More; or, A False Accusation, romantic drama, in four acts, by A. L. Crauford, April 6.
Called to the Front, military drama, by Sergeant Towner and Frank Beaumont, April 29.

COMEDY.

Agnes, comedy, in two acts (adapted from Molière's "L'Ecole des Femmes"), by Robert Buchanan, March 21.
Bad Boys, comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French piece, "Clara Soleil," by Clement Scott, April 29.
A Woman's Victory, comedy drama, by Robert Dodson, July 8.
Boiling Water, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Julian Cross, July 22.
Erminie, comic opera, in two acts, libretto by Claxson Bellamy and Harry Paulton, music by Edward Jakobowski (originally produced at Grand Theatre, Birmingham, October 26), November 9.

COURT.

Good Gracious! comedietta, by George Hawtrey, January 21.
The Opal Ring, comedy, in two acts, adapted from Octave Feuillet's "Péril en la Demeure" (the original of Tom Taylor's "The House or the Home"), by G. W. Godfrey, January 28.
The Magistrate, farce, in three acts, by A. W. Pinero, March 21.
Petticoat Perfidy, comedietta, in one act, adapted from the French, by Sir Charles Young May 21.
The Fairy's Post Box, comic opera, in one act, music by Arthur Hervey, libretto by Palgrave Simpson, May 21.
Breaking the Ice, comedietta, by Charles Thomas, November 9.

COVENT GARDEN.

St. George and the Dragon; or, The Seven Champions of Christendom, pantomime, by A. Henry, December 26.

CRITERION.

A Lost Husband, operetta, by Lady Arthur Hill (originally produced at Downshire House, Belgrave-square, November 21, 1884, and performed at Theatre Royal, Brighton, February 16), February 28.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Jack and the Beanstalk, pantomime, by Horace Lennard, December 22.
Alexis, drama, in four acts, by Harold Vallings, November 26.

DRURY LANE.

Whittington and his Cat, pantomime, by E. L. Blanchard, December 26.
Nadeshda, opera, in four acts, music by Goring Thomas, libretto by Julian Sturgis, April 16.
Manon, opera, in four acts, music by M. J. Massenet, the English libretto, adapted from the French of MM. Meilhac and Gille, by Joseph Bennett (originally produced at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, January 17), May 7.
A True Story, drama, in five acts, by Elliot Galer (originally produced at Royal Opera House, Leicester, February 7, 1884), June 15.
Human Nature, drama, by Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris, September 12.

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

A Frog he would a Wooing Go; or, Harlequin Sleeping Beauty and the Demon of the Mystic Pool, pantomime, by Frank Hall, December 24.
Such is Life, drama, by the Author of "The Knapsack," February 28.
The Jilt, drama, by Dion Boucicault, May 13.
No Mercy, drama, in five acts, by Mark Melford (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Dundee, August 31, 1883), May 18.
A Mother's Sin, drama, in six tableaux, by Walter Reynolds, July 25.
Clio, play, in five acts, by Bartley Campbell, August 14.
One of Our Girls, comedy, in four acts, by Bronson Howard, November 4.
Stand and Deliver; or, The Perils of the Road, drama, in three acts, by J. Archer, November 25.

EMPIRE.

Pocahontas, comic opera, in two acts, music by Edward Solomon, libretto by Sydney Grundy, December 26.
The Lady of the Locket, comic opera, in three acts, music by William Fullerton, libretto by H. Hamilton, March 11.

GAIETY.

In Chancery, eccentric comedy, in three acts, by A. W. Pinero (originally produced at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, September 19), December 24.
A Fair Sinner, play, in five acts, by G. W. Appleton, March 4.
Mazeppa, burlesque, in three acts, by F. C. Burnand, March 12.
Promised in Pique, play, in three acts, April 16.
Fits and Starts, farce, in two acts, by Wilton Jones and Walter Browne, May 2.
Culture, comedy, in three acts (founded upon the French play, "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie" of Edouard Pailleron), by Sebastian Evans, M.A., LL.D., and Frank Evans, May 5.
Severina, play, adapted from "La Princesse Georges" of A. Dumas, fils, May 6.
Lakmé, opera, music by Léo Délibes, libretto by MM. Edmond Gondinet and Philippe Gille (originally produced at Opéra-Comique, Paris), acted by French company, June 6.
Le Prince Zilah, play, in four acts, adapted from his own novel of the same name by Jules Claretie, acted by French company, June 8.
Théodora, drama, by Victorien Sardou, acted by French company, July 11.
The Vicar of Wide-awake-field; or, The Miss-Terry-ous Uncle, burlesque of "Olivia," by H. P. Stephens and W. Yardley, August 8.

GRAND.

Puss in Boots, pantomime, by Joseph Tabrar, December 24.
A Deserter in a Fix, farce, by B. Soane-Roby, March 23.
A Dangerous Game, drama, in prologue and three acts, by Sir Randal Roberts, April 6.
Cherry and Fairstair, by the late Frank Green (produced at Prince's Theatre, Manchester, as "Cheribel," May 4), June 15.
A Ring of Iron, domestic drama, in five acts, by Frank Harvey (originally produced at New Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, September 15, 1884), August 3.
A Mad Marriage, drama, in four acts, adapted from the French by Frank Harvey (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Northampton, January 16, 1884), August 21.
Little Lalla Rookh, burlesque extravaganza, by J. T. Denny (originally produced at Gaiety Theatre, Hastings, August 31), September 14.
Not Alone, drama, in five acts, by George Lander and Mrs. Weldon (originally produced at Grand Theatre, Birmingham, on October 12 as the sole work of George Lander), October 19.

HAYMARKET.

Dark Days, play, in five acts, founded, by J. Comyns Carr and the late Hugh Conway, on Mr. Conway's story so called, September 26.

HER MAJESTY'S.

Excelsior, ballet, in eleven tableaux, by M. Manzotti, music by M. Marenco (produced at the Eden Theatre, Paris, January 7, 1884, after performances in Italy), May 22.

IMPERIAL.

Guilty Shadows, comedy drama, in prologue and four tableaux, by Miss Emilie de Witt, February 6.

Muddles, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Jessop and Gill, March 2.

The Power of England, drama, adapted from Ouida's novel, "Idalia," by Charles E. Dering, June 17.

Aurora Floyd, drama, in three acts, adapted from Miss Braddon's novel of the same name by J. B. Ashley and Cyril Melton, August 24.

Too Late, drama, in three acts, by Charles Quayle (originally produced at Circus of Varieties, Barnsley, April 2, 1876), September 21.

MARYLEBONE.

Beauty and the Beast, pantomime, by J. T. Denny, December 24.

Honour's Price, drama, in five acts, by Mortimer Murdoch (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Whitehaven, August 25, 1884), June 27.

Brothers; or, A Plunge in the Dark, drama, in four acts, by A. Oliver Lipthwaite, November 25.

NOVELTY.

The Japs; or, The Doomed Daimio, Japanese burlesque drama, in two acts, by Harry Paulton and Mostyn Tedde (originally produced at Prince's Theatre, Bristol, August 31), September 19.

Yeoman's Service, domestic comedy, in one act, by T. Edgar Pemberton, September 19.

Money Bags, farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted from the German by E. Pemberton and Shannon, November 5.

OLYMPIC.

In His Power, drama, in three acts, by Mark Quinton (originally produced at Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, September 20, 1884), January 21.

The Passion Flower; or, Woman and the Law, drama, in three acts, adapted from the Spanish play "La Pasionaria" of Leopoldo Cano Y. Massas (the English version originally produced as "Woman and the Law" at Theatre Royal, Hull, July 28), March 13.

In Life or Death, drama, in four acts, adapted by E. A. Elton from Charles Gibbon's novel, "For the King," March 24.

An April Folly, comedy, in one act, adapted from Mr. Beauchamp's story, "Vengeance," by J. P. Hurst, April 6.

Heartless, play, founded on Ouida's novel, "Puck," by Marion Grace Webb (originally produced as "Puck" at Theatre Royal, Bournemouth, August 13, 1883), April 18.

The Great Pink Pearl, play, in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, May 7.

Judael, romantic drama, in five acts, by Mrs. Julius Pollock, May 14.

Smiles and Kisses, musical farce (originally produced at Comedy Theatre, Manchester, February 23, 1884), June 27.

Through the Furnace, drama, in four acts, by W. Howell-Poole, July 29. [This drama was renamed "Wronged" during its provincial tour.]

Lelio, drama, in three acts, by George D'Arcy, August 15.

Peer or Pauper, drama, in prologue and four acts, by A. Macdonnell-Green, September 21.

Alone in London, drama, in prologue and four acts, by Robert Buchanan and Harriet Jay, November 2.

OPERA COMIQUE.

The Excursion Train, farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French vaudeville, "Le Train de Plaisir," of MM. Alfred Hennequin, Arnold Mortier, and Albert de Saint-Albin, by Justin H. M'Carthy, M.P., and W. Yardley, April 6.

The Duke of Swindleton, farcical comedy, in three acts, by William Burnside, June 11.

Whiter than Snow, domestic drama, in five acts, by Kenneth Lee, June 25.

The Fay o' Fire, romantic opera, in two acts, music by Edward Jones, libretto by Henry Herman, November 14.

PAVILION.

Little Red Riding Hood, pantomime, by Oswald Allan, lyrics by Joseph Tabrar, December 26.

Dora Ingram, domestic drama, in four acts, by Mortimer Murdoch, February 23.

The Sins of the Father; or, The Unnatural Brothers, drama, in six acts, by Mark Melford, May 4.

Every Man for Himself, drama, in five acts, by Miss May Holt (originally produced at Royal Aquarium, Great Yarmouth, June 22), October 24.

PRINCE'S.

Victor Durand, drama, in four acts, by Henry Guy Carleton, December 13.

Princess George, drama, in three acts, adapted from "La Princesse Georges" of Alexandre Dumas, fils, January 20.

The Matrimonial Noose, farcical comedy, in three acts, by M. H. Spier, May 1.
Gringoire, play, adapted from the so-named French original of M. Théodore de Banville by W. G. Wills, June 22.
The Casting Vote, electioneering squib, "in one bang," libretto by Walter Helmore, music by Walter Slaughter, October 7.

PRINCESS'S.

Junius; or, The Household Gods, play, in five acts, by the late Lord Lytton, February 26.
The Colour Sergeant, play, in one act, by Brandon Thomas, February 26.
Hoodman Blind, play, in four acts, by Henry A. Jones and Wilson Barrett, August 18.

ROYALTY.

Les Domestiques, comedy, in three acts, by MM. E. Grange and R. Deslandes, acted by French company, December 4.
Les Invalides du Mariage, comedy, in three acts, by MM. Dumanoir and Lafargue (the original of "Woodcock's Little Game"), acted by French company, December 11.
Le Maître de Forges, drama, in four acts and five tableaux, adapted from his novel of the same name by Georges Ohnet (the original of "The Ironmaster" and "Lady Clare"), acted by French company, January 8.
François the Radical, comic opera, music by Firmin Bernicat and A. Messager, libretto, adapted from the French of MM. Dubreuil, Humbert, and Burani, by Justin H. M'Carthy, M.P., April 4.
Dr. D., comic opera, in two acts, music by Cotsford Dick, libretto by C. P. Colnaghi, May 30.
Don Juan d'Autriche, play, in five acts, by Casimir Delavigne, acted by French company, October 10.
Le Testament de César Girodot, comedy, in three acts, by MM. Belot and Villetard, acted by French company, October 15.
Fanny Lear, play, in five acts, by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, acted by French company, October 26.
Les Vieux Garçons, comedy, in five acts, by Victorien Sardou, November 9.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Ruby, drama, in five acts, by Edwin France, January 31.
The Stowaway, drama, in five acts, by Tom Craven (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Dewsbury, September 29, 1884), February 21.

SANGER'S.

Old Dame Trot; or, Harlequin Godiva and Peeping Tom, St. George and the Seven Champions of Christendom, pantomime, by Oswald Allan, December 26.
Khartoum, spectacular military drama, by William Muskerry and John Jourdain, March 14.

SAVOY.

The Mikado; or, The Town of Titipu, Japanese opera, in two acts, music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, libretto by W. S. Gilbert, March 14.

STANDARD.

Cinderella; or, The Fairy of the Little Glass Slipper, pantomime, by John Douglass, December 24.
Two Women, drama, in four acts, adapted from Victor Hugo's "Marie Tudor," by Edward Rose, April 6.
A Bubble Reputation, farcical comedy, in three acts, by James Willing and John Douglass, April 6.
Corinne, drama, founded upon Mrs. Otto Von Booth's novel of the same name, acted to secure copyright, May 23.
The House on the Marsh, drama, in four acts, adapted from her own novel of the same name by Miss Florence Warden (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Nottingham, March 2), June 1.
The Broad Arrow, drama, in five acts, by Gerald Holcroft, September 7.
Judgment, drama, in prologue and four acts, by James Willing, September 19.
Capers, musical farcical comedy, in three acts, written and composed by Richard Stahl, with lyrics by Walter Parke, November 23.

STRAND.

Sweetheart, Good-Bye, comedietta, by May Holt, December 22.
Good Luck, musical comedy, in three acts, adapted from "La Cigale" of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, by J. P. Burnett, April 13.
The Sunny Side, comedietta, adapted from M. Edmond About's "Risette," by C. M. Rae, May 18.

The Silver Shield, comedy, in three acts, by Sydney Grundy, May 19.
On 'Change; or, The Professor's Venture, comedy, in four acts, adapted from the German "Ultimo," of Von Moser, July 1.
The Inventories, à propos sketch, by H. Savile Clarke, July 8.
Cousin Johnny, comedy, in three acts, by Messrs. Nisbet and Rae, July 11.
Nicholas Nickleby, episodic sketch, taken from the novel so named, September 10.
The Rubber of Life; or, The Best of Three Games, comedy, in prologue and four acts, by A. G. and F. R. Bagot (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Brighton, October 1), November 3.
Wifey, comedy-vaudeville, in three acts, adapted from the French by James Mortimer, November 10.
In Fetters, play, in one act, by J. P. Hurst, November 30.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

A Peculiar Case, vaudeville, written by Arthur Law, the music composed by George Grossmith (originally produced at St. Leonard's, December 2), December 8.
Backsheesh, musical sketch, by Corney Grain, December 26.
Irma, opera, the music and libretto by J. H. Bonawitz, March 17.
The Dark Hour, drama, in prologue and four acts, by Mrs. Daisy St. Aubyn, April 1.
Hobbies, vaudeville, written by H. P. Stephens and W. Yardley, the music composed by George Gear, April 6.
A Vocal Recital, musical sketch, by Corney Grain, April 6.
A Night in Wales, vaudeville, adapted from the French of M. Verconsen by Herbert Gardner, music by Corney Grain, June 1.
Lady Jane Grey, dramatic fragment, in one act, by William Poel, June 12.
A Pretty Bequest, vaudeville, written by T. Malcolm Watson, the music composed by Hamilton Clarke, June 29.
Eton v. Harrow, musical sketch, by Corney Grain, June 29.
On Demande des Domestiques, vaudeville, by MM. Chivot and Duru, June 30.
Election Notes, musical sketch, by Corney Grain, November 9.
The Wilful Beauty, extravaganza, by A. E Burton, of the Nelson Amateur Dramatic Club, November 14.
In Cupid's Court, musical comedietta, written by T. Malcolm Watson, the music composed by Alfred J. Caldicott, November 30.

ST. JAMES'S.

The Castaways, duologue comedietta, in one act, by Theyre Smith, June 10.
Mayfair, play, in five acts, adapted from M. Sardou's "Maison Neuve" by A. W. Pinero, October 31.

SURREY.

Aladdin, the Lad with the Wonderful Lamp; or, The Precious Princess and the Precious Gre Scamp, pantomime, by Geo. Conquest and Henry Spry, December 24.
Till Death do us Part, drama, in prologue and four acts, by Geo. Comer, April 20.
Grandfather's Secret, drama, in one act, June 6.
Devil's Luck; or, The Man She Loved, drama, in five acts, by Miss Lily Tinsley and G Conquest (originally produced at Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, August, 1885), Sept. 21.
Dead Beat, drama, in five acts, by Geo. Conquest and Geo. Comer, October 22.

TOOLE'S.

The Great Tayhin, "Japananza," written by Arthur Law, music by George Grossmith, April 30.
The Shuttlecock, farci-drama, in three acts, by the late H. J. Byron, completed by J. Ashby Sterry, May 16.
The O'Dora; or, A Wrong Accent, travestie of M. Sardou's "Théodora," by F. C. Burnand, July 13.
Once Again, comedietta, by F. W. Broughton and Walter Browne (originally produced at Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, in the spring of 1884, and played at Lyric Hall, Ealing, February 17), August 22.

VAUDEVILLE.

That Young Man, comedy, in three acts, founded upon "Der Elephant" of Von Moser, by Edward Rose (originally produced at the Town Hall, Oxford, under the title of "The Scorpion; a Journal of Society and Satire," December 1), December 23.
The Little One, petite-drama, in one act, by Arthur Ayers, January 22.
Loose Tiles, farcical-comedy, in three acts, by J. P. Hurst, January 28.
Fuvette, comedietta, in one act, adapted from a story of Ouida's, by John Tresahar, Jan. 29.
Nadine, play, in four acts, by Frank Rogers, March 5.
Under Fire, comedy, in four acts, by Dr. Westland Marston, April 1.
Open House, farcical-comedy, in three acts, by the late H. J. Byron, April 16.
The Road to Fame, comedy, in three acts, adapted from Herr Von Kneisel's play "Der Kuckuck," by Amati White and Paul Grunfeld, May 7.

The Family Fool, comedy, in three acts, by Mark Melford (originally produced at Prince's Theatre, Edinburgh, March 6, 1882), June 23.
Five Hundred Francs, operetta, music by Isidore de Solla, libretto by Marmaduke Brown, July 6.
Nearly Severed, play, in one act, by J. P. Hurst (originally produced at Comedy Theatre, Manchester, August 31), September 12.
The Evil Genius, drama, in five acts, by Wilkie Collins (produced in anticipation of the dramatist's novel on the same subject to secure copyright), October 30.
My Friend, comedy, by Joseph Tabrar, November 17.

SUNDRIES.

Fair Fame, drama, in four acts, by J. T. Day, Town Hall, Kilburn (originally produced at Theatre Royal, Longton, August 8, 1884), February 5.
Fools, farcical eccentricity, in three acts, by T. D. M'Cord, Royal Park Lecture Hall, Camden Town, February 14.
In Want of a Wife, farce, by G. A. Toplis, Royal Park Lecture Hall, Camden Town, Feb. 14.
Nora, play, adapted by Miss Frances Lord, from the Norwegian drama of Henrik Ibsen, entitled, "Ett Dukkehjem," School of Dramatic Art, Argyle Street, March 25.
Sir Marigold the Dottie; or, The Moonlight Knight, burlesque, in one act, by Charles Frederick Fuller, H.M.S. "Rainbow," April 16.
Donna Theresa, opera, written and composed by Joseph W. Wilson, Church Institute Hall, Wandsworth, May 21.
Aunt or Uncle, farce, in three acts, by Rev. A. J. Wilson, D.D., Church Institute Hall, Wandsworth, May 21.
Prizes and Blanks, operetta, in one act, music by Otto Booth, Ladbroke Hall, June 29.
A Divided Duty, comedy-drama, in one act, by Silvanus Dauncey, Jewish Institute, Highbury, October 18.
Salammbô, drama, adapted from Flaubert's novel of the same name, Ladbroke Hall, Nov. 11.

New Pieces

PRODUCED AT THE PROVINCIAL THEATRES,

FROM DECEMBER, 1884, TO END OF NOVEMBER, 1885.

The Scorpion; a Journal of Society and Satire, comedy, in three acts, partly founded upon a German play, by Edward Rose; Town Hall, Oxford, December 1. [This comedy was renamed "That Young Man" when produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, December 23.]
A Peculiar Case, vaudeville, written by Arthur Law, the music composed by George Grossmith; Warrior Square Concert Hall, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, December 2.
Wrecked, domestic drama, in four acts, by W. Edwardes Sprange; Theatre Royal, Margate, December 4.
The Wreckers; or, Martial Law, drama, in four acts, by R. Dodson; Her Majesty's Theatre, Carlisle, December 4.
Culture, comedy, in three acts, adapted from "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie" of M. Pailleron by Dr. Sebastian Evans and Frank Evans; Theatre Royal, Bournemouth, December 5.
Pharisees, comedy drama, in four acts, by John Day; Theatre Royal, Llanelly, December 8.
The Criminal, drama, in five acts; Royal Clarence Theatre, Dover, December 15.
Benliel, the Son of the Night, drama; People's Theatre, Dundee, December —.
London; or The Life of a Street Boy, drama, in four acts, by L. E. B. Stephens; Theatre Royal, Barnstaple, January 1.
Primrose Farm, rustic drama, by Frank Harvey; Theatre Royal, Ipswich, January 14.
Hard as Iron, drama; Theatre of Varieties, Burton, January 16.
Manon, opera, in four acts, music by Mons. J. Massenet, English libretto, adapted from the French of MM. Meilhac and Ph. Gille, by Joseph Bennett; Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, January 17.
A Dark Page, operetta, written and composed by W. H. Breare, performed by the Amateur Minstrels; Town Hall, Harrogate, January 19.
The Whip Hand, comedy, in three acts, by Herman C. Merivale and Cecil Dale; Theatre Royal, Cambridge, January 21.

A Fair Sinner, play, in five acts, by G. W. Appleton; Theatre Royal, Ipswich, January 28.
A Crooked Mile, play, in three acts, by Miss Clara Lemore; Comedy Theatre, Manchester, January 28.
The Dawn of Love, comedietta, in one act, adapted from Besant and Rice's novel, "The Golden Butterfly," by M. Russell Rosse; Theatre Royal, Exeter, January 26.
Severed; or, The World Between Them, drama, in five acts, by Frank Jefferson; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Grimsby, January 26.
The Vicar, play, in four acts, adapted by Joseph Hatton and James Albery from the former's novel, "The Queen of Bohemia"; Theatre Royal, Windsor, January 28.
The Reckoning Day, comedy drama; Theatre Royal and Opera House, Northampton, January —.
The Silver Wedding, comedy, by J. I. Warman; Coöperative Assembly Rooms, Coventry, February 2.
The Leavenworth Case, drama, adapted from the story of the same name; Theatre Royal, Halifax, February 9.
The Bouquet; or, The Language of Flowers, comedy drama; Theatre Royal, Bath, February 16.
The Rose of Romford, operetta, music by F. Robinson, libretto by J. R. Martin; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, February 16.
A Love Game, operetta, music by A. Thompson M'Evoy, libretto by Walter Browne; Lyric Hall, Ealing, February 17.
Smiles and Kisses, musical farce; Comedy Theatre, Manchester, February 23.
The House on the Marsh, drama, in four acts, adapted from her own novel of the same name by Miss Florence Warden; Theatre Royal, Nottingham, March 2.
Fight against Fate, drama, in four acts, by Messrs. Grattan and Dawson; Victoria Theatre, Newport, Mon., March 2.
A Reign of Terror, farcical tragedy, by Mark Melford; Theatre Royal, Brighton, March 2.
Double and Quits, farcical comedy, in three acts, by T. Edgar Pemberton; Avenue Theatre, Sunderland, March 4.
A Diamond Ring, comedy drama, by W. J. Wild; Queen's Theatre, Manchester, March 6.
El Mahdi; or, The False Prophet of the Soudan, drama; Theatre Royal, Great Grimsby March 7.
Zana, drama, in four acts, by G. W. Appleton; Theatre Royal, Croydon, March 16.
My Husband's Wife; or, T. T. T., Tom Trimmer's Trials, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Richard Davis Perry; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Greenwich, March 19.
The House on the Marsh, drama, adapted from Miss Florence Warden's novel of the same name by G. M. Wood; Lecture Hall, Derby, March 28.
Petrovna; or, The Price of Freedom, drama, in prologue and two acts, by Sydney Hodges; Theatre Royal, Colchester, April 6.
My Wife; or, Sunshine Through the Mist, drama, by George Roberts; Gaiety Theatre, Burnley, April 6.
The Two Rings, operetta, by Ivan Range; Public Hall, Hastings, April 6.
Homeward Bound, drama; Public Hall, Warrington, April 6.
The Fall of Khartoum, drama, by H. J. Stanley and C. Hermann; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Salford, April 6.
Enlisted, comedietta; Theatre Royal, Windsor, April 7.
The Coquette, comedy, in four acts, by Captain Hawley Smart; Assembly Rooms, Cheltenham, April 10.
The Fall of Khartoum; or, The Death of General Gordon, drama; Royal Albany Theatre, Durham, April 11.
Only a Dream, play, in four acts, by Arthur C. Forde; Theatre Royal, Ipswich, April 13.
Nina, drama, in five acts, adapted from the French by Mrs. Kennion; Theatre Royal, Wigan, April 13.
Little Robinson Crusoe, burlesque, by David James, junior; Theatre Royal, Oxford, April 13.
Les Amourettes, comic opera, music by Dr. T. R. G. José, libretto adapted from Planché's vaudeville, "Somebody Else," by John Percival; Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin, April 14.
Cloris; or, Plots and Plans, operetta, music by C. Flavell Hayward, libretto by Magdeline Wycombe and Vernon Shael; Theatre Royal, Wolverhampton, April 17.
Guarded by Honour, military drama, by H. J. Stanley; Royal Sefton Theatre, Liverpool, April 20.
Putting Things Right, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Henry Zimmermann; Public Hall New Cross, April 25.
The Eccentric Guardian, operetta, music by Walter R. Quin, libretto by Henry Zimmermann; Public Hall, New Cross, April 25.
The Brothers of Eden, comedy drama, by R. Ernest Rist; Theatre Royal and Opera House, St. Helen's, May 1.
Cheribel, burlesque, in three scenes, by the late Frank Green, music by Hugh Clendon; Prince's Theatre, Manchester, May 4.
The House in Thames Street, drama, by Alexander Dorrell; Theatre Royal, Ipswich, May 7.
Chums, comedy, by T. G. Warren; Pavilion Theatre, Southport, May 8.

The Threatening Eye, drama, in four acts, by E. F. Knight and John Jourdain; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Greenwich, May 12.
My Comrade; or, The Last Command, drama, in prologue and three acts, adapted from "La Vie Caporal," by Charles Horsman; Theatre Royal, Stratford, May 18.
The Librarian, comedy, in four acts, a literal translation of Von Mozer's play, "Der Bibliothekar," by Miss Dulcie Douglas; Athenæum, Limerick, May 22.
Our Lodger, eccentric comedy, in three acts, by J. J. Blood; Theatre Royal, Brighton, May 27.
Noah's Ark, comedy, by Harry Paulton; Theatre Royal, Bath, May 30.
The Naughty Men, farcical comedy, in three acts, by Frank Harvey; Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, June 1.
Title, comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French of Eugène Nus, by T. Edgar Pemberton; Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, June 8.
The Bachelors, comic opera, music by Alfred Taylor, libretto by C. H. M. Wharton; Princes' Theatre, Manchester, June 8.
Linda Grey, drama, in four acts, by Sir C. L. Young, Bart.; Theatre Royal, Margate, June 9.
Uncle Joe at Oxbridge, comic operetta, by L. H. Outram; Theatre Royal, Cambridge, June 12.
A Man of Iron, drama, in five acts, adapted from Ohnet's novel, "Le Maitre de Forges"; Theatre Royal, Great Grimsby, June 15.
Lady Lillian, drama; Theatre Royal and Opera House, Huddersfield, June 15.
Nobly Won, drama, by Charles Bradley; Theatre Royal, Cheltenham, June 22.
Rosebuds, comedy, by Charles Bradley; Theatre Royal, Cheltenham, June 22.
Every Man for Himself, drama, in four acts, by May Holt; Royal Aquarium, Great Yarmouth, June 22.
Distraction, farcical comedy, by Charles Bradley; Theatre Royal, Cheltenham, June 29.
Criminals; or, Fashion and Famine, drama, in five acts, by J. H. Clinch; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Great Grimsby, June 29.
Gain, drama; Theatre Royal, Leeds, June 29.
Man and Wife; or, A Scotch Marriage, drama, adapted from Wilkie Collins's novel, "Man and Wife," by David James, junr.; Theatre Royal, Margate, June 29.
The Baronet, comedy drama, by E. Howard Vincent; Theatre Royal and Opera House, Bury, July 3.
The Wanderers, American drama; Alhambra Theatre, Pemberton, July 6.
The Lady Killer, farcical comedy, in three acts, by A. Chevalier and W. Mackintosh; Theatre Royal, Plymouth, July 13.
The Cross Roads; or, Dove Nest Farm, drama, in three acts, by John Sargent; Royal Clarence Theatre, Dover, July 13.
Called Back Again, burlesque parody of "Called Back," by Albert Chevalier; Theatre Royal, Plymouth, July 13.
The Little Red Cross, drama, in three acts, by James Gower; Alhambra Theatre, Wigan, July 16.
A Life's Victory, comedy drama, in three acts, adapted from R. L. Farjeon's novel, "A Love's Victory," by Loftus Don; Theatre Royal, Oxford, July 16.
Grasping a Shadow, comedietta, in one act, by Tom Craven; Theatre Royal, West Hartlepool, July 20.
Life's Mistakes; or, The Hoose o' M'Auld, drama, in four acts, by J. Carter Edwards; Princess's Theatre, Glasgow, July 27.
The Life and Death of Chatterton, play, in one act, by George Marsh; Rotunda Theatre, Liverpool, July 31.
Clear Ahead, drama, in four acts, by C. A. Clarke; Theatre Royal, Oldham, August 3.
The Sleeping Beauty; Her Seven Fairy Godmothers and a Wicked Fairy, burlesque, by Charles Daly and Balsir Chatterton; Theatre Royal, Aldershot, August 3.
Abou; or, The Sleeper Awakened, burlesque, by Joseph Tabrar; Theatre Royal, Coventry, August 3.
The Fire King; or, The Yellow Boy, extravaganza; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, August 3.
Menassah Ben Israel, Hebrew drama, in five acts; Bijou Opera House, Liverpool, August 10.
The Mad Woman through Love; or, The Child of the Island, tragi-comedy; Free Trade Hall, Manchester, August 10.
Faust in Forty Minutes, burlesque, by Fred. Locke; Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow, August 17.
Social Sinners, farcical comedy; Theatre Royal, Sunderland, August 17.
The Shadow of the Mill, drama, in prologue and three acts, founded upon the author's novel, "Second Fiddle," by James Burnley; Pullan's Theatre, Bradford, August 24.
Jack-in-the-Box, musical drama, in four acts, by G. R. Sims and Clement Scott; Theatre Royal, Brighton, August 24.
Good or Evil, drama; Opera House, Ashton, August 24.
Dr. Faust and Miss Marguerite; or, The Young Duck with the Old Quack, burlesque, by R. J. Martin and E. A. P. Hobday, produced at an amateur performance; Queen's Theatre, Dublin, August 24.
Too Fatiguing, comedietta; Theatre Royal, Scarborough, August 24.
The Japs, Japanese burlesque, by Harry Paulton and Mostyn Tedde; Prince's Theatre, Bristol, August 31.

The Main Hope, drama, in prologue and three acts, by George Comer; Theatre Royal, West Bromwich, August 31.
Nearly Severed, domestic play, in one act, by J. P. Hurst; Comedy Theatre, Manchester, August 31.
Notes and Gold, drama, in four acts, by Alfred F. Robbins; Pullan's Theatre, Bradford, August 31.
Chirruper's Fortune, musical farcical play, in three acts, by Arthur Law; New Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, August 31.
The King's Favourite, play, by J. W. Boulding and R. Palgrave; Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, August 31.
Her Atonement; or, Miss Multon, American drama; Theatre Royal, Windsor, August 31.
Little Lalla Rookh, burlesque, by J. T. Denny; Gaiety Theatre, Hastings, August 31.
Devil's Luck, drama, in five acts, by Miss Lily Tinsley and George Conquest; Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, August —.
Honour before Wealth, drama; Her Majesty's Theatre, Carlisle, September 7.
Darby and Joan, dramatic sketch, by Henry Bellingham and William Best; Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, September 11.
A Young Tramp, comedy-drama, in prologue and three acts, by W. G. Wills; Prince's Theatre, Bristol, September 12.
First Class, drama, in four acts, by F. A. Scudamore; Prince of Wales's Theatre, Greenwich, September 14.
Deadly Weapons, drama, in prologue and three acts; Theatre Royal, Great Grimsby, September 14.
Our Wives, comedy, adapted from the French play, "Trois Femmes pour Un Mari," by Fred. Blanshard; Theatre Royal, Eastbourne (afterwards interdicted as an infringement of copyright), September 16.
Borrowed, farcical play, in three acts, adapted from M. Maurice Desvallières' comedy, "Prêtemoi ta Femme," by Ernest Warren; New Cross Hall, September 17.
Jealous of the Past, comedietta, in one act, by Miss Alice Chandos; New Cross Hall, September 17.
Hold Fast, drama, in five acts; Theatre Royal, Leeds, September 21.
Sin and its Shadows, drama, in four acts, by Harry Lemmon; Theatre Royal, Oxford, September 21.
John and Jeannette, operetta, adapted from M. Labiche's "Frisette," music by J. Batchelder, libretto by L. Machale; Town Hall, Cheetham, September 23.
The High Street Mystery, operetta, music by J. Batchelder, libretto by L. Machale; Town Hall, Cheetham, September 23.
In the Lion's Mouth, drama, in five acts, by Miss Florence Warden; Theatre Royal, Bath, September 25.
Awkward, comedietta; Comedy Theatre, Manchester, September 28.
The House on the Marsh, drama, adapted, from Miss Florence Warden's novel of the same name, by Hugh Willoughby; Theatre Royal, Margate, September 28.
The Rubber of Life; or, The Best of Three Games, comedy, in prologue and four acts, by A. G. and F. R. Bagot; Theatre Royal, Brighton, October 1.
Lady Godiva; or, For the People, drama, in four acts, by H. P. Grattan; Theatre Royal, Greenwich, October 2.
The Noble Savage, operetta, written and composed by Mr. and Mrs. F. Corder; Royal Aquarium, Brighton, October 3.
Our Daily Bread, drama, in three acts, by H. C. Hazlewood; Theatre Royal, Wolverhampton, October 5.
Twilight to Dawn, drama, in two acts; Lyceum Theatre, Stafford, October 8.
True Love, comedy, in three acts, by Arthur Goodrich; Theatre Royal, Brighton, October 9.
One Fault: "*A Home Story*," play, in one act, by Ernest Warren and Charlotte Elliott; Theatre Royal, Wigan, October 9.
A Judicial Separation, play, by W. A. Chandler; Theatre Royal, Macclesfield, October 10.
Recalled to Life, drama; Theatre Royal, West Bromwich, October 10.
Not Alone, drama, in five acts, by George Lander; Grand Theatre, Birmingham, October 12.
Our Tuner, farcical comedy, by T. G. Warren; Theatre Royal, Shrewsbury, October 15.
My Cousin, comedietta, in one act, by James J. Hewson; Theatre Royal, Belfast, October 16.
The Great Secret, drama, in four acts; Theatre Royal, Workington, October 19.
Holding the Mirror, farcical comedy, in one act, by W. Howell-Poole; Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, October 26.
Erminie, comic opera, in two acts, music by Edward Jakobowski, libretto by Claxson Bellamy and Harry Paulton; Grand Theatre, Birmingham, October 26.
When One Door Shuts Another Opens, operetta, music by Harriet Young, libretto by Charles Thomas; Town Hall, Hove, October 29.
The Cruel Father; or, A Terrible Revenge, drama, in prologue and three acts, by Edwin Reading; Assembly Rooms, Coventry, October 29.
The Cat's Paw, drama, by Fred. Jarman; Royal Albany Theatre, Durham, November 3.
Mad Meg, drama, in three acts, by Clarence Burnette; Theatre Royal, Workington, Nov. 9.
Lancashire Weaver Lad, drama, by Ben Brierley; Comedy Theatre, Manchester, November 13.

The Watchers on the Longships, drama, adapted, from the novel of the same name, by Horace Butler; Central Hall, Penzance, November 13.
Going It, farcical comedy, in three acts, by J. Maddison Morton; Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, November 13.
Roma; or, The Deputy, drama, adapted from Victorien Sardou's play, "Daniel Rochat," by Gospodin Lubimoff; Theatre Royal, Eastbourne, November 16.
Little 18-*Carat; or, A Rough Nugget*, musical comedy, by Augustin Dawtrey, music composed by R. W. Manning; Theatre Royal, Sunderland, November 16.

New Pieces

PRODUCED AT THE PRINCIPAL PARIS THEATRES,

FROM DECEMBER, 1884, TO END OF NOVEMBER, 1885.

AMBIGU.

L'Homme de Peine, drama, in five acts, by M. Félix Pyat, February 24.
En Grève, drama, in five acts and seven scenes, by M. Gaston Hirsch, March 28.
Pierre Pascal, five-act drama, by Madame de Chabrillan, August 4.
Le Roi de l'Argent, piece in three acts and twelve scenes, with a prologue, adapted by M. Paul Milliet from Messrs. Jones and Herman's Princess's drama, "The Silver King," Nov. 13.

BEAUMARCHAIS.

A Droite et à Gauche, fermez le Cercle, review, in six scenes, by MM. Louis Péricaud and André Girod, December 30.
Jean Cévenol, five-act drama, by MM. Auguste Fraisse and Henri Séna, January 30.
Le Crime de Maison-Neuve, five-act drama, by M. Gaston Cœdès, June 4.

BOUFFES-PARISIENS.

Le Diable au Corps, opera bouffe, in three acts, words by MM. Blum and Toché, music by M. Marenco, December 19.
Pervenche, three-act comic opera, libretto by MM. Chivot and Duru, music by M. Edmond Audran, March 31.

CHÂTEAU-D'EAU.

Le Roman d'Elise, drama, in five acts, by M. Georges Richard, from a novel by M. Arnous Rivière, January 9.
Les Français au Tonkin, five-act drama, by MM. Gustave Marot, Péricaud, and Noellet, February 9.
La Sang Brûlé, drama, in five acts, by MM. Alexis Bouvier and Guillaume Livet, April 29.
La Mille et Deuxième Nuit, opera-bouffe, in three acts, libretto by MM. Paul Burani and Pierre Richard, music by M. Lucien Pujade, July 8.
Caïn, five-act drama, by M. Jules de Marthold, November 10.

CHÂTELET.

Le Mariage au Tambour, comic opera, in three acts, arranged from the piece by Alexandre Dumas, De Leuven and Brunswick, by M. Paul Burani, music by M. Léon Vasseur, April 4.
Coco-Fêlé, fairy extravaganza, in four acts and thirty-three scenes, by MM. Paul Ferrier, Paul Burani, and Edmond Floury, September 26.

CLUNY.

L'Affaire Cerisier, one-act vaudeville, by M. Léon Muller, May 1.
Le Terrible Bonnivet, comedy-vaudeville, in one act, by MM. Alfred Delilia and Emile Seurat, August 31.
Mon Oncle! comedy-bouffe, in three acts, by MM. Paul Burani and Maurice Ordonneau, October 5.

COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE.

Racine à Port Royal, one-act *à propos*, in verse, by M. Lucien Augé de Lassus, December 22 (245th anniversary of Racine's birth).
Denise, four-act piece, by M. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, January 19.
Antoinette Rigaud, comedy, in three acts, by M. Raymond Deslandes, September 30.

DÉJAZET.

Le Rêve de Mahtou, three-act comedy-vaudeville, by MM. Alfred Delacour and Jules de Gastyne, January 13.
Les Femmes qui Votent, comedy-vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Jean Michelot and René de Cuers, March 12.
Un Oncle de Paimbœuf, comedy-bouffe, in three acts, by M. Bescomb, May 1.
Aux Filles de Gambrinus, three-act vaudeville, by M. Alfred Bouillon, October 8.
Régine, four-act drama, by MM. Georges Richard, Alfred Etiévant, and Millanvoye, November 28.

EDEN.

Messalina, grand ballet, in three acts and seven scenes, by M. Danesi, music by M. Giaquinto, February 21 (originally produced at the Apollo Theatre, Rome).
Un Théâtre au Japon, pantomime ballet, in one act, by M. Agoust, music by M. Mariotti, October 1.
Le Foyer de la Danse à l'Eden, pantomime ballet, in one act, by M. Agoust, music by M. Mariotti, November 5.

FOLIES-DRAMATIQUES.

Les Petits Mousquetaires, comic opera, in three acts, words by MM. Jules Prével and Paul Ferrier, music by M. Louis Varney, March 5.
La Fauvette du Temple, comic opera, in three acts, libretto by MM. Paul Burani and Eugène Humbert, music by M. André Messager, November 17,

GAÎTÉ.

Myrtille, comic opera, in three acts and four scenes, words by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian and Maurice Drack, music by M. Lacôme, March 27.
Le Petit Poucet, fairy extravaganza, in four acts and thirty-two scenes, by MM. Eugène Letellier, Arnold Mortier, and Albert Vanloo, October 28.

GYMNASE-DRAMATIQUE.

Le Prince Zilah, piece in four acts and a prologue, by M. Jules Claretie, February 28.
Un Monsieur qui a bien dîné, monologue, by M. Edouard Noël, April 12.
La Doctoresse, three-act comedy, by MM. Paul Ferrier and Henri Bocage, October 17.

ITALIENS.

Aben-Hamet, grand opera, in four acts and a prologue, libretto by MM. Léonce Détroyat, and A. de Lauzières, music by M. Théodore Dubois, December 16.

MENUS-PLAISIRS.

Au Clair de la Lune, review, in eight scenes, by MM. Hector Monréal, Henri Blondeau, and Georges Grisier, December 31.
L'Homme de Paille, three-act comedy-bouffe, by M. Albin Valabrègue, November 23.

NATIONS.

Les Champfort, five-act drama, by MM. Emile Catelain and Eugène Courmeaux, May 2.
La Pieuvre, five-act drama, by M. Edouard Morel, September 2.

NOUVEAUTÉS.

La Vie Mondaine, operetta, in four acts, words by MM. Emile de Najac and Paul Ferrier, music by M. Lecocq, February 13.
Le Petit Chaperon Rouge, three-act operetta, libretto by MM. Ernest Blum and Raoul Toché, music by M. Gaston Serpette, October 10.
La Crémaillère, three-act piece, by MM. Paul Burani and Albert Brasseur, music by M. Robert Planquette, November 28.

ODÉON.

Célimène, one-act *à propos*, in verse, by M. Louis Legendre, January 15 (263rd anniversary of Molière's birth).
La Maison des Deux Barbeaux, three-act comedy, by MM. André Theuriet and Henri Lyon, February 4.
L'Ile aux Corneilles, one-act comedy, in verse, by M. Ernest d'Hervilly, February 4.
Feu de Paille, one-act comedy, in verse, by M. Emile Guiard, March 30.
Le Divorce de Sarah Moore, three-act drama, by M. Jacques Rozier (Madame Paton), April 16 (played only three times).
Conte d'Avril, comedy, in three acts and six scenes, in verse, imitated from Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, by M. Auguste Dorchain, September 22.
Première Ivresse, one-act comedy, by MM. Paul Bilhaud and Berr de Turique, September 22.
Un Coup de Soleil, one-act comedy, by MM. Albéric Second and Théodore de Grave, October 28.
Cynthia, one-act comedy, in verse, by M. Louis Legendre, October 28.
Les Jacobites, five-act drama, in verse, by M. François Coppée, November 21.

OPÉRA.

Tabarin, opera, in two acts, libretto by M. Paul Ferrier, music by M. Emile Pessard, January 12.

Sigurd, grand opera, in four acts and nine scenes, libretto by MM. Camille du Locle and Alfred Blau, music by M. Ernest Reyer, June 12 (originally produced at the Monnaie Theatre, Brussels, January 7, 1884).

Le Cid, grand opera, in four acts and ten scenes, libretto by MM. Adolphe d'Ennery, Louis Gallet, and Edouard Blau, music by M. Massenet, November 30.

OPÉRA-COMIQUE.

Diana, comic opera, in three acts, libretto by MM. Jacques Normand and Henri Regnier, music by M. Paladilhe, February 23.

Le Chevalier Jean, lyric drama, in four acts, words by MM. Louis Gallet and Edouard Blau, music by M. Victorin Joncières, March 11.

Une Nuit de Cléopâtre, lyric drama, in three acts and eight scenes, libretto by M. Jules Barbier, music by Victor Massé, April 25.

PALAIS-ROYAL.

Les Petites Godin, three-act vaudeville, by M. Maurice Ordonneau, December 2.

Elle et Lui, comedy, in three acts, by M. Emile de Najac, January 22.

Bijou et Bouvreuil, three-act vaudeville, by MM. E. de Najac and Albert Millaud, March 16.

J'attends Ernest, one-act comedy, by MM. Paul Bilhaud and Albert Carré, April 11.

Cherchons Papa! vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Victor Bernard and Maurice Ordonneau, April 24.

Les Petites Voisines, three-act vaudeville, by MM. Hippolyte Raymond and Jules de Gastyne, May 21.

Les Noces d'un Réserviste, four-act vaudeville, by MM. Henri Chivot and Alfred Duru, October 21.

Mal aux Cheveux, one-act comedy, by M. Ernest d'Hervilly, November 10.

PORTE-SAINT-MARTIN.

Théodora, drama, in five acts and eight scenes, by M. Victorien Sardou, December 26.

RENAISSANCE.

La Parisienne, comedy, in three acts, by M. Henri Becque, February 7.

J'Epouse ma Femme, two-act comedy, by MM. Albert Guinon and Maurice Denier, March 6.

La Nuit du 16, three-act folly-vaudeville, by MM. Albin Valabrègue, Théodore Henry, and Jules Billault, March 18.

Le Cornac, comedy, in three acts, by MM. Louis Bataille and Henri Feugère, May 6.

Le Train de Neuf heures quinze, one-act comedy, by MM. Christian de Trogoff and "Jean d'Issy" (M. Montrouge), May 6.

Un Duel S. V. P., three-act comedy, by MM. Fabrice Carré and Maurice Desvallières, November 11.

Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Chauve, monologue, written for M. Galipaux by M. Edouard Noël, November 29.

VARIÉTÉS.

Flagrant Délit, comedy-vaudeville, in one act, by M. Fabrice Carré, January 10.

Mam'zelle Gavroche, comedy-vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Edmond Gondinet, Ernest Blum, and Albert de Saint-Albin, music by M. Hervé, January 24.

Le Remords d'Anatole, three-act comedy-vaudeville, by MM. Albert Millaud and Albin Valabrègue, March 13.

Le Gant de Suède, one-act comedy, by M. Alfred Hennequin, March 14.

Le Naufrage de Monsieur Godet, pantomime-vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Blum, Toché, and Hanlon-Lees, September 4.

Le Gazier, one-act comedy, by MM. Blum and Toché, September 4.

Les Potins de Paris, review, in two acts and seven scenes, by MM. Pierre Decourcelle and Albin Valabrègue, November 16.

Les Grippe-Sous, one-act comedy, by M. Albin Valabrègue, November 16.

VAUDEVILLE.

Clara Soleil, three-act comedy, by MM. Gondinet and "Pierre Civrac" (Madame Théodore Barrière), February 6.

Les Espérances, one-act comedy, by M. Paul Bilhaud, September 2.

Cherchez la Femme, comedy, in three acts, by MM. Emile de Najac and Alfred Hennequin, September 21.

Theatrical, Musical, and Equestrian Obituary,

FROM DECEMBER, 1884, TO END OF NOVEMBER, 1885.

ABT, Frank, Musical Composer, aged 65, April 2.
ALMOND, John, Comedian and Scenic Artist, February 17.
APPLEBY, Mrs. Emma, widow of James Appleby, aged 59, August 29.
ARNOT, Edwin, Actor, February 10.
ARTELL, R. F. (Robert Frederick Corson), Gymnast, February 14.
BAGNALL, Sam, Vocalist, July 12.
BAGNALL, Walter Wilcock, son of J. J. Bagnall, proprietor of Victoria Music Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, aged 33, January 7.
BALL, J. H., Justice of the Peace, father-in-law of Mr. Joseph Maas, Vocalist, August 11.
BEAUFORT, G. H., Actor, aged 41, November 30.
BENEDICT, Sir Julius, Composer and Pianist, aged 80, June 5.
BENNETT, James, Tragedian, March 9.
BIRD, Miss (Mrs. W. Jukes), Actress, aged 49, January 13.
BODDEN, James, formerly agent in advance for Miss Minnie Palmer, March 5.
BROUGHAM, W., Conjuror and Vocalist, aged 48, March 24.
BROWN, Mrs. Elizabeth, mother of W. Persivani, Clown, aged 84, October 11.
CABEL, Madame Marie, Operatic Vocalist, aged 48, May —.
CARLETON, Will, Comedian and Dramatist, aged 50, August —.
CARTE, Mrs., wife of Rich. Carte, mother of D'Oyly Carte, of Savoy Theatre, a. 70, Jan. 24.
CARTE, Mrs., Blanche, wife of R. D'Oyly Carte, August 31.
CARTER, John Richard, Manager North Woolwich Gardens, &c., aged 34, September 28.
CASAUBON, Mrs. Frances Annie, of the Lauri Family, aged 37, July 2.
CLOWES, Louisa Jane, for many years associated with Simms' Royal Marionettes, Dec. 4.
COLEMAN, William, Equestrian, March 28.
CONWAY, Hugh (F. J. Fargus), Dramatist, Novelist and Lyrist, aged 37, May 15.
COOPER, John Wilbye, Vocalist, April —.
COOPER, Frank Staunton, Actor, aged 30, June 23.
CORBET, Hamilton, Scottish Vocalist, February 27.
COURTENAY, Mrs., wife of Lindo Courtenay, Theatrical Manager, November 18.
COWLE, William, Actor, one of the founders of the General Theatrical Fund, a. 84, Mar. 22.
COWPER, John Curtis, Actor, aged 58, January 30.
CRAIG, Walter James, August 17.
CRESWICK, Charles Edward, younger son of William Creswick, Tragedian, aged 35, Aug 30.
CRUISE, Mrs. Henry, Pianist, professor of Royal Irish Academy of Music, Dublin, Dec. 7.
D'ALBERT, George, Negro Comedian, December 5.
DAMROSCH, Leopold, Musical Conductor, February 15.
DAVIES, George (known as George Smythe), aged 33, April 13.
DAVISON, James W., for many years Musical Critic of *The Times*, aged 71, March 24.
DEAN, William, Musical Conductor, aged 47, August 25.
DELANEY, J. S., Comedian, December 27.
DEWAR L. S., Actor, August 5.
DEWHURST, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of J. Dewhurst, Actor, aged 36, February 4.
D'ORVAL-VALENTIONO, E. L., Theatrical Vocalist, aged 32, November 6.
DRAYTON, Edwin, Actor, May 18.
DUCASTEL, Parisian Vocalist, aged 40, July —.
EDZARD, George, father of Miss H. Laurie and other Music Hall *Artistes*, April 21.
ELDRED, Gill, formerly Elephant Trainer and Equestrian, aged 72, September 7.
ERATO, Carl John Bergstrom, Swedish Gymnast, aged 32, April 12.
ETON, Miss Kate, aged 24, November 19.
EVANS, Mrs. (Amy Rosalind,) wife of Fred Evans, Pantomimist, August 23.
EVERSFIELD, Miss (Mrs. Beryl), wife of H. Cecil Beryl, March 7.
EYRE, Gerald, Actor, late of Wallack's, New York, August 6.
FAIRLEIGH, Paget (Arthur Paget Ford), June 10.
FERRISS, Joseph, Comedian, August 9.
FISH, John, lessee of Belle Vue Gardens, Blackpool, June —.
FORRESTER, William, Actor, April —.
FREDERICK, Walter, Actor, March 6.
FREEMAN, Mrs. Ann, wife of Harry Freeman, Comedian, aged 25, March 5.

GAILHARD, Mme., wife of M. Gailhard, Co-director of the Opera Français, aged 23, July 12.
GALLIMORE, Henry, father of Florrie Gallimore and Arthur Kenyon, November 28.
GARDINER, John, Actor, aged 46, December 4.
GARSTONE, Miss Kate, Music Hall Artist, January 19.
GREY, Charles Oscar (husband of Léoline Leglere), aged 25, September 26.
GULLIVER, Joseph Henry, Negro Comedian, December 29.
GUTHRIE, William, formerly Acting Manager at the Tyne Theatre, aged 53, November 6.
HAMMOND, Felix, Actor, October —.
HARRISON, Robert (Robert Wilkes Gibbs), Acrobat, aged 22, October 5.
HATCH, Henry, proprietor of Theatre Royal, Oxford, aged 69, October 9.
HAYNES, Mrs., wife of Henry S. Haynes, Actor, February 5.
HAYNES, Henry S., Comedian, aged 45, May 8.
HENDERSON, Miss Bessie (Mrs. H. F. Young), Actress, January 29.
HILLER, Ferdinand, Composer, aged 74, May —.
HOBSON, Captain A. P., Manager of the Westminster Aquarium, February 18.
HOFMANN, Baron von, Inspector-General of the Imperial Theatres, Vienna, a. 63, Oct. —.
HOLMES, Edward, Music Hall Manager, Leamington, aged 48, August 8.
HOWE, Fred., Music Hall Artist, June 22.
HOWELL, Arthur, Double-bass Player, Vocalist, husband of Mme. Rose Hersee, a. 49, April —.
HUGO, Victor, aged 83, May 22.
HUNTLEY, Francis Walter (known as Frank Huntley), Actor, aged 56, July 11.
HYLES, Edwin Chas., part proprietor Royal York Music Hall, Southampton, a. 35, March 26.
IMESON, John, Theatrical Manager, aged 61, October —.
JACKSON, Harry (Henry Jacobson), Comedian, August 13.
JAMES, John Edward, father of George E. James, Actor, aged 54, May 10.
JARRATT, Edward, father of Ted Jarratt, Pantomimist, aged 86, May 8.
JEE, William, Musical Grotesque, aged 40, January 18.
JERROLD, Evelyn Douglas, grandson of Douglas Jerrold, Journalist, Dramatist, and Satirist, aged 34, May 16.
JOHNSON, Elijah, Circus Proprietor, July 22.
KELLY, Charles (Charles Clavering Wardell), Actor, aged 46, April 17.
KIEL, Friedrich, Composer of Church Music, aged 63, September 12.
KIMBER, J. W., Theatrical Manager, December 26.
KOTTAUN, Herr Thomas, Leader of the Town Band at Brighton, aged 57, October —.
LABLACHE, Miss Fanny Rose Louise, daughter of Signor Frederic Lablache, and granddaughter of the celebrated basso, April 5.
LASCELLES-SCOTT, Mrs. (Miss Vera Lascelles), Actress, January 6.
LATHAM, Daniel, Actor and South American Manager, aged 24, October 29.
LAURIE, Fannie (Frances Annie Cazaubon, née Lowe), of the Lauri Family, a. 37, July 2.
LAURIEN, Mrs. Fanny, wife of James G. Laurien, Comedian, aged 34, December 22.
LEGLERE, Louis, September 23.
L'ESTRANGE, Mary, aged 25, November 10.
LHERITIER, Monsieur (Thomas Romain), Actor, of the Palais Royal, Paris, a. 77, Mar. —
LISZT, Louis, brother of the Pianist, aged 73, September —.
LOCKWOOD, Adolphus, Harpist, February —.
LOCKWOOD, Robert, Comedian, aged 89, September 4.
LORRAINE, Miss Ettie, Music Hall Artist, December 11.
LOWREY, W. H., Musical Director, aged 26, October 13.
LYUS, James, Chairman Alexandra Music Hall, Sandgate, March 8.
M'COY, W. (William Greenwood), Music Hall Artist, aged 26, November 4.
M'CULLOUGH, John, American Tragedian, aged 42, November 8.
M'INTYRE, William, Actor, May 8.
M'KEAN, R., part proprietor of the Britannia Music Hall, Glasgow, aged 36, May 8.
MARCHANT, Will, Sketch Artist, aged 38, August 19.
MARRIOTT, Mrs. Sarah, mother of Miss Marriott, Actress, January 26.
MARSHALL, Mrs. Imogene, wife of Frank Marshall, Dramatist, February 19.
MEISSNER, Alfred Austin, Dramatist, Poet, and Novelist, aged 63, May 29.
MONTAGNANI, William Francis Montague, husband of Clara Montague, Pianist, aged 33, November 5.
MONTAGUE, William, formerly Lessee of Prince's Theatre, Portsmouth, May 24.
MORGAN, Walter, Pantomimist, March 25.
MORTIER, M. Arnold (M. Mortje) French Dramatist and Journalist, January 2.
MORTIMER, Joseph Parker Hopwood (of the Brothers Mortimer), aged 36, December 12.
MORRISS, Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of William Morris, Dutch and Tyrolean Singer, Oct. 17.

Mostyn, George H., Business Manager of the Compton Company, aged 26, May 23.
Mowbray, Mrs., wife of Thomas Mowbray, Theatrical Manager, March 24.
Myers, John Edgar, Actor, May —.
Normann, Wilhelm, Professor of Composition at the Conservatory, Stockholm, and husband of Mme. Normann-Néruda, aged 53, April —.
Oliver, Miss Bessie (wife of Henry Arlington Duncan), Actress, January 27.
O'Kelly, M. Joseph, French Composer, January —.
Olmar, Monsieur (James Chadwick), Gymnast, February 24.
Pali, Racz, chief of the Hungarian Gipsy Band, aged 72, February —.
Parselle, John, Actor, aged 64, February 17.
Pearce, James, Property Master, Grand Theatre, Leeds, aged 53, December 31.
Penna, Mrs. Susanna Elizabeth, wife of William Penna, Comedian, aged 25, July 6.
Percie, Norman, Author and Composer, aged 27, May 17.
Perrin, Monsieur Emile, late Manager of the Théâtre Français, Paris, October 8.
Philp, Miss Elizabeth, Authoress and Musical Composer, November 26.
Pope, Dr. Joseph, late Staff Surgeon, Royal Artillery, and Honorary Surgeon to the Music Hall Sick Fund, aged 49, April 6.
Powell, Arthur W., Promptor, aged 63, March 21.
Price, Frank, Scenic Artist, March —.
Provost-Pousin, Mme., Actress of the Comédie-Française, Paris, aged 42, September 8.
Rawlinson, William, father of Fred Coyne, Vocal Comedian, aged 72, December 25.
Revill, Mrs. Juliet, wife of W. Revill, proprietor of Stockport and other Theatres, July 14.
Richards, Brinley, Composer and Pianist, aged 66, May 1.
Roberts, T. M., Scenic Artist, aged 75, April 23.
Robertson, Alexander, Scenic Artist, aged 20, October 4.
Robertson, Captain Henry, 1st Life Guards, brother of Mrs. Kendal, and of the late T. W. Robertson, January —.
Roebuck, Captain Francis Algernon Disney, late 23rd Fusiliers, Actor, aged 66, March 22.
Rounat, M. de La, Dramatist and Director of the Odéon, Paris, aged 65, January —.
Ryder, John, Actor, aged 70, March 27.
Sahara, Mme. Tilly, American Coloured Vocalist, December 3.
Sainton-Dolby, Mme. Charlotte Helen, Vocalist, wife of M. Sainton, Violinist, a. 63, Feb. 18.
Saker, Mrs. Ann, widow of the late Horatio Saker, Actor, aged 58, May 23.
Saville, Alfred, Actor, aged 72, June 27.
Searle, Walter, Comedian, May 13.
Servais, Joseph, Violoncellist, aged 35, August 29.
Shelton, Benjamin, father of Mrs. John Crowhurst, aged 73, Nov. 25.
Shenston, E., of the Maurice and Shenston Character Sketch Company, aged 46, Aug. 18.
Shore, James Gregory (J. G. M'Loughlin), Actor, aged 58, April 21.
Sim, William, late Musical Director of the Court Minstrels, April 7.
Simms, Mrs., widow of C. H. Simms, and mother of Miss Henrietta Simms, Actress, Nov. 16.
Simms, John, Marionette Proprietor, November —.
Simpson, Mrs. T. P., many years proprietress of the Alhambra, Chatham, aged 76, July 28.
Smith, Richard, Vocalist, December 17.
Stanley, Hodson (Charles Henry Hodson), Actor, and Music Hall Singer, aged 42, June 6.
Stoker, Mrs., Actress, aged 84, May 31.
Storey, John, aged 47, August 28.
Talfourd, Thomas Noon, son of Mr. Justice Talfourd, Dramatist, May 9.
Thuillier, Mdlle. Marguerite, Actress, formerly of the Variétés and Odéon, Paris, July —
Tovey, Henry, Assistant Stage Manager, Royal Alhambra Music Hall, Bristol, Sept. —.
Townsend, Sarah, widow of William Thompson Townsend, Dramatist, June —.
Tute, John, Violinist, October 10.
Villiers, Frederick, Actor, aged 59, February 17.
Weber, Edmund, Pianist and Composer, February —.
Wells, Madame, Vocalist, March —.
Whitehead, James, Musician, June 16.
Wigan, Horace, Actor and Dramatist, August 7.
Wilson, Mrs. Frances Annie, wife of Robert Wilson, Entertainer, aged 45, Nov. 14.
Wilson, John, Director of the Great World Circus, August 4.
Wright, William W., representative of *The Era* at Norwich, aged 56, July 31.
Yates, Mark, Treasurer and Acting Manager, T. R. Birmingham, February 14.
Zamezou, Monsieur (Thomas Jameson), Equestrian, aged 66, April 9.

THEATRES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

ABERDEEN—Her Majesty's, W. McFarland.
ACCRINGTON—Prince's, Mr. J. B. Ormerod.
ALDERSHOT—Theatre Royal, Chas. Atkins.
Royal Club House,
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE—Royal, Revill and Son.
AYR—Corn Exchange, Hamilton Nimmo.
BARNSLEY—Royal, G. Horne.
BARNSTAPLE—Royal, J. Andrews.
BARROW-IN-FURNESS — Alhambra, Mrs. Atkinson.
BATH—Royal, William Lewis.
BELFAST—Royal, J. F. Warden.
BILSTON—Royal, W. Edwin.
BIRKENHEAD—Royal, B. Stanhope and J. Vowles.
BIRMINGHAM—Royal, M. H. Simpson.
Prince of Wales, J. Rodgers and Son.
Grand Theatre, A. Melville.
BISHOP AUCKLAND—Royal, R. and J. Addison.
BLACKBURN—Royal, Mrs. C. H. Duval.
New Royalty,
Prince's, E. Trevanion.
BLACKPOOL—Royal,
Prince of Wales, Thos. Sergenson.
Winter Gardens,
Raikes Hall Gardens,
BLYTH—Royal, R. Fynes.
BOLTON—Royal, J. F. Elliston.
BOOTLE—Beaconsfield Hall, G. W. Barnett.
BOURNEMOUTH—Royal, H. Nash.
BRADFORD—Royal, Mrs. Charles Rice.
New Prince's, Mr. Sergenson.
Pullan's, H. Pullan.
BRIGHTON—Royal, Mrs. H. Nye Chart.
BRISTOL—Royal,
Prince's Theatre, G. and J. M. Chute.
BURNLEY—Royal, J. Gillespie.
Gaiety Theatre, T. Culcen.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS—Royal,
BURY (Lancashire)—Opera House, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Purcell.
CAMBRIDGE—Theatre Royal, W. B. Redfarn.
CANTERBURY—Royal,
CARDIFF—Royal, E. Fletcher.
CARLISLE—Her Majesty's, Thos. Elsworth.
CASTLEFORD—Royal, Mr. E. Rivalli.
CHELTENHAM—Royal, N. R. E. Shenton.
CHESTER—New Royalty, Messrs. Lindo and Captain Courtenay.
CHORLEY—Royal,
COLCHESTER—Royal, Nunn and D. Vale.
CONSETT—Royal,
CORK—Theatre Royal, J. Scanlan.
COVENTRY—Royal, W. Bennett.
CREWE—Theatre, H. Stapeley.
CROYDON—Royal, Roberts, Archer, and Bartlett.
DARLINGTON—Central Hall, Joseph Airey.
DARWEN—Royal,
DEREHAM—Royal,
DEVONPORT—Royal, F. Holt.
DEWSBURY—Royal, Mrs. Joy.
DONCASTER—Royal,
DOUGLAS—New Grand, A. Hemming.
DOVER—Clarence, J. E. Thurlow.
DUBLIN—Gaiety, M. Gunn.
Queen's, E. Jones.
DUMFRIES—Royal,
DUNDEE—Royal, W. McFarland.
DUNFERMLINE—St. Margaret's Hall,
DURHAM—Royal Albany, J. Holiday.
EASTBOURNE—Royal, G. B. Loveday and C. J. Phipps.
EDINBURGH—Lyceum, Howard and Wyndham.
Princess's, W. A. M'Neill.
Royal, H. C. Beryl.
EXETER—Royal,
GAINSBOROUGH—Royal Albert, J. R. Fox.
GLASGOW—Grand, T. W. Charles.
Princess's, H. Cecil Beryl.
Royal, E. L. Knapp.
Royalty, Howard and Wyndham.
GLOUCESTER—Royal, J. Blinkhorn.
GOOLE—Royal, C. Bromley.
GRANTHAM—Theatre Royal, W. R. Cogan.
GRAVESEND—Pavilion,
GREAT YARMOUTH—Royal, J. G. Flower.
Aquarium, Mr. Peaton.
GREENOCK—Royal, A. Wright.
GREENWICH—New Prince of Wales's Theatre, W. Morton.
GRIMSBY—Royal,
Prince of Wales's, H. J. Curry.
HALIFAX—Royal, F. Rawlings.
HANLEY—Royal, James H. Elphinstone.
HARROGATE—Spa Theatre,
HARTLEPOOL (West)—Royal, Kirtley & Ball.
Gaiety, F. Wright.
HASTINGS—Gaiety, George Gaze.
HUDDERSFIELD—Royal, J. W. White.
HULL—Royal, Wilson Barrett.
HYDE—Theatre Royal, J. Russell.
IPSWICH—Royal,
JARROW-ON-TYNE—Royal, T. Holmes.
JERSEY—Royal, Wybert Rousby.
KEIGHLEY—Queen's,
KILMARNOCK—Opera House, T. C. Howitt.
LANCASTER—Athenæum, R. Edgar.
LEAMINGTON—Royal, A. B. Cunnew.
LEEDS—The Grand, Wilson Barrett.
Royal, J. Hobson.
LEICESTER—Royal, Mrs. Kennion.
Royal Opera House, Elliot Galer.
LEIGH (Lancs.)—Theatre Royal, R. Green.
LEWES—Concert Hall, Mr. Robinson.
LIMERICK—Royal, J. Fogerty.
Harp Theatre,
LINCOLN—Masonic, Messrs. Conlon.
Royal, Roberts, Archer, and Bartlett.

LIVERPOOL—Adelphi, E. Trevanion.
Alexandra, Mrs. Edward Saker.
Bijou, J. Bell.
Court, Carl Rosa.
Rotunda, D. Grannell.
Prince of Wales's, Miss Fanny Josephs.
LONDON—Adelphi, A. and S. Gatti.
Astley's, G. Sanger.
Avenue, Alex. Henderson.
Britannia, Mrs. S. Lane.
Criterion, Chas. Wyndham.
Comedy, Miss Melnotte.
Covent Garden, Circus, W. Holland.
Court, John Clayton and Arthur Cecil.
Drury Lane, Augustus Harris.
Elephant and Castle, J. A. Cave.
Empire Theatre, De Chastelain.
Gaiety, Mr. John Hollingshead.
Garrick.
Globe, C. H. Hawtrey.
Haymarket, Messrs. Russell and Bashford.
Her Majesty's.
Holborn Theatre, W. T. Purkiss.
Imperial, Messrs. Ashley and Melton.
Lyceum, Henry Irving.
Marylebone, Messrs. Loveridge.
New Grand, Chas. Wilmot.
New Prince of Wales's Theatre, S. E. W. Morton.
Novelty, W. Edouin.
Olympic, Mrs. A. Conover.
Opera Comique, W. Duck.
Pavilion, Morris Abrahams.
Prince's, Edgar Bruce.
Princess's, Wilson Barrett.
Royalty, Miss Kate Santley.
Sadler's Wells, John Ward.
Savoy, D'Oyly Carte.
St. James's, Messrs. Hare and Kendal.
Standard, J. Douglass.
Strand, Mrs. Swanborough.
Surrey, Geo. Conquest.
Toole's, J. L. Toole.
Vaudeville, Thomas Thorne.
Victoria, Coffee Palace Company.

Royal Aquarium Company.
Albert Palace Company.
Alexandra Palace.
Crystal Palace, Company.
North Woolwich Gardens.
St. George's Hall, A. Reed and Corney Grain.
Bijou, Bayswater.
Ledbroke, Notting Hill, J. Linscott.

LONDONDERRY—Opera House, J. F. Warden.
LONGTON—Royal, M. Wardhaugh.
LOWESTOFT—Royal, S. Geary.
LYNN—Royal.
MACCLESFIELD—Royal.
MAIDSTONE—Royal.
MANCHESTER—Comedy, E. Garcia.
Royal, Captain Bainbridge.
Prince's, Michael Gunn.
MARGATE—Royal, Miss Sarah Thorne.
MERTHYR—Royal.
MIDDLESBROUGH—Royal, G. Imeson.
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE—Royal, Howard and Wyndham.
Tyne, R. W. Younge.
NEWPORT (Mon.)—Gaiety.
Victoria, J. P. Sutherland.
NORTHAMPTON—Opera House, J. C. Franklin.
NORTH SHIELDS—Royal, S. R. Chisholm.
NORWICH—Royal, Fred. Morgan.
Agricultural Hall.
NOTTINGHAM—Royal, Thos. W. Charles.
OLDHAM—Royal, Asa Mills.
Gaiety, Mr. H. Pemberton.
OXFORD—New Queen's, A. F. Rose.
New Theatre, W. B. Redfarn.
PAIGNTON—Royal.
PAISLEY—Royalty, H. T. Brickwell.
Royal, J. Goold.
PERTH—Opera House, J. H. Murray.
PLYMOUTH—Royal, J. R. Newcombe.
PORTSMOUTH—Royal, J. W. Boughton.
PRESTON—Royal, Johnson and Tomlinson.
RAMSGATE—Amphitheatre, Wynn Miller.
READING—Royal, Elliot Galer.
REDDITCH—New Public Hall, T. Neasom.
RICHMOND—Her Majesty's.
ROCHDALE—Royal, F. W. Purcell.
ROCHESTER—Royal.
ROTHERHAM—Royal, T. Green.
RUNCORN—Royal, Mr. W. R. Waldron.
SALFORD—Prince of Wales, C. Hermann.
SCARBOROUGH—Royal, Lt.-Col. Newbolt.
Londesborough, W. A. Waddington.
Spa, Fras. Goodricke.
SEAHAM HARBOUR—Royal.
SHEFFIELD—Royal, W. H. Daw.
Alexandra Opera House, W. Brittlebank.
SHIELDS (South)—Royal, Fred Cooke.
SHREWSBURY—Royal, Mrs. Thos. Maddox.
SOUTHAMPTON—Prince of Wales, J. W. Gordon.
SOUTHEND—Alexandra Theatre.
SOUTHPORT—Winter Gardens, J. Long.
SPENNYMOOR—Cambridge.
STAFFORD—Lyceum, Company.
Royal.
STIRLING—Public Hall, Company.
Arcade.
STOCKPORT—Opera House, W. Revill.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES—Royal, J. Hodgson.
Alhambra, E. Barclay.
ST. HELEN'S—Royal, Wallace Revill.
STOURBRIDGE—Alhambra.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON—Shakespeare Memorial, C. Lowndes.
STRATFORD, LONDON—Royal, W. C. Dillon.
SUNDERLAND—Royal, E. D. Davis.
SWANSEA—New Theatre, A. Melville.
SWINDON—Mechanics'.

TAUNTON—Victoria Rooms, Mr. Wickenden.
TORQUAY—Royal, Charles Collette.
TROWBRIDGE—Public Hall, P. L. Hill.
WAKEFIELD—Royal, B. Sherwood.
WALSALL—Alexandra, C. Crooke.
Gaiety, W. H. Westwood.
WARRINGTON—Royal, B. Sheridan.
Public Hall, William Johnson.
WATERFORD — New Theatre, Edward Kenney, Secretary.
WEST BROMWICH—Royal, J. G. Rainbow.
WEYMOUTH—Royal.
WHITEHAVEN—Royal.
WIDNES—Royal, G. Mellon.
WIGAN—Royal, W. Revill and Son.
WINDSOR—Royal.
WOLVERHAMPTON—Royal, L. Courtenay.
WORCESTER—Royal, W. Gomersal.
WORKINGTON—Theatre Royal, G. J. Smith.
WOOLWICH—Royal, Borley and Munro.
WREXHAM—Public Hall, W. H. Tilston.
YORK—Royal, W. A. Waddington and Son.

THE manager of a country theatre, peeping through the curtain between the acts, was surprised by a glimpse of the empty benches. "Why, good gracious!" said he, turning to the prompter, "where is the audience?" "He has just stepped out to get a pint of beer," was the brief reply.

A "COUP DE THÉÂTRE."—When the theatre of San Carlo, at Naples, was opened by King Charles the Third, his Majesty, in praising with undisguised admiration and delight that magnificent structure, expressed half a regret that, as the Opera House was so close to his palace, there had not been made a corridor communication from one to the other, so that two such splendid edifices might be always united. Carasale, the happy architect, retired, blushing at the royal compliments. The King, seated in his box, listens to the music and admires its temple by turns. At length, the opera over, he is leaving the theatre, when he finds Carasale in attendance. "Will his Majesty return by the street or by the corridor?" The royal question is, naturally, "What corridor?" "That of which his Majesty spoke when he did the architect the honour of commending the theatre." It was no fiction. In three hours Carasale, with the assistance of his workmen, had broken down walls, constructed staircases, corridors, and landings, hiding the rough work with carpets and tapestry, and making all brilliant with mirrors which reflected innumerable candles. King Charles might well look sceptical, but his doubts were dissipated by the energetic Carasale, who stood, cap in hand, ready to lead his Majesty back by the way that his will had created. Monarchs might well be the patrons of Art in those days, for its devotees were their slaves. The old theatre was destroyed by fire in the year 1816, but up to that time it was a memorial of the ingenuity of a man, as it was the record of a courtier's adulation.

"BATE ME SOME, AND I WILL PAY YOU SOME" (*Henry IV., part* 2).—It is an open secret that the late Charles Mathews was not at all times the best, or rather the promptest, of paymasters. William Brough had written his bright and entertaining burlesque of *Prince Prettypet* for the Lyceum, and it had enjoyed a long run, but Mathews took care that the author's run, for his money, should be a longer one. At last the versatile comedian made an appointment with his literary creditor, whom he agreed to meet at the Standard Theatre after the performance. Brough naturally was at the stage-door in good time, and waited there for Mathews, who was acting at the theatre, to send for or join him; but neither event happened. At last it flashed upon Brough's mind that Mathews might again intend to elude him. Rushing from the stage-door, the poor author made the best of his way to the box entrance, and there discovered his debtor about to get into his brougham. "Good gracious," said Mathews, "why where on earth have you been? I have been waiting here—I won't say how long." "And *I*," said William Brough, somewhat curtly, "have been at the stage-door for three quarters of an hour." "The stage-door!" exclaimed Mathews, quite shocked. "Do you think I should keep a literary gentleman waiting at the stage-door? I am not as bad as that. Good night." "But I have come for some money," urged the burlesque author, with no little emphasis, for by this time the comedian was in his carriage. "Well, I want money myself," said the latter gentleman. "I should not like to offer you a sovereign." "You will not offend me that way," was the reply. At once Mathews put his hand into his pocket, and, handing Brough a coin of the realm, shut the door of his broughaw, with the word "Home," to the coachman. But they had not gone far before Brough was after them, shouting to the driver to stop, an indiscretion of which that foolish man was guilty. "Mr. Mathews," exclaimed the breathless author, "you have given me a shilling!" "Dear me, I am very sorry," exclaimed Mathews, "for I fear I have not got *another* sovereign. I could offer you half a sovereign," he added, for Brough was looking savage, "but such a trifle——" "Very well, give me that," said Brough. With a pleasant smile, the ex-manager handed the dramatist the coin referred to, and once more bade him adieu. "Good night; I am so glad to have met you," he said, airily; "and I suppose you would not have missed seeing me for—nine and sixpence." And, dropping the shilling into his pocket, the light-hearted actor sank back in his carriage and was taken home.

MUSIC HALLS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

ABERDEEN—Music Hall, W. McFarland.
ACCRINGTON—Midge's.
New Market.
ALDERSHOT—Alexandra.
Cavalry Brigade.
North Camp Theatre, J. Watts.
Red, White, and Blue, H. Salter.
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE—People's, Revill and Son.
AYR—Corn Exchange.
BARNSLEY—Surrey.
Wine Shades.
BARROW-IN-FURNESS—Star, Bell and Atkinson.
BELFAST—Alhambra, W. J. Ashcroft.
Buffalo, E. W. Partrick.
St. George's Hall.
BIRKENHEAD—Prince of Wales, D. Grannell.
BIRMINGHAM—Birmingham, E. Martin.
Day's Concert Hall, Messrs. Day.
London Museum, D. McInnes.
Steam Clock, J. Inshaw.
Curzon, G. Beech.
Masonic, G. Beech.
BLACKBURN—Lyceum, Miss Gough.
Odd Fellows'.
BLACKPOOL—Oddfellows'.
Pavilion.
BOLTON—Victoria, J. B. Geoghegan.
BOOTLE—Alhambra, Messrs. Hargreaves and Davis.
BOSTON—Clarence.
BRADFORD—Star, Messrs. Morritt and Robinson.
BRIGHTON—Aquarium, I. Wilkinson.
Oxford, Messrs. Botham.
St. James's.
BRISTOL—St. James's, W. H. Pine.
BROWNHILLS, near Walsall—Station, W. Roberts.
BURNLEY—Varieties.
BURSLEM—Britannia.
Prince Albert.
Marquis of Granby.
People's.
BURTON-ON-TRENT—Varieties.
BURY (Lanc.)—Albion.
CANTERBURY—Music Hall.
CARDIFF—Philharmonic, Mrs. Morrella.
Victoria, Mons. D'Arc.
CARLISLE—Star, D. McCauley.
CHATHAM—Imperial.
CHELTENHAM — Assembly Rooms, E. Shenton.
Colosseum.
CHESTER—Music Hall.
COLCHESTER—Sir Colin Campbell, J. Spence.
Oxford.
CORK—City Hall.
COVENTRY—Britannia, R. E. Macintosh.
CRADLEY HEATH—Palace.
CREWE (Cheshire)—Borough, J. Rawson.
DARLINGTON—Victoria, Captain Truscott.
DEAL—Paragon.
DERBY—Scarsdale Arms.
DOVER—Apollonian.
Clarence.
Phœnix, T. Kemp.
Wellington.
DUBLIN—Grafton.
North City.
Harp.
Kinsella's, P. Kinsella.
People's, E. D. Lyons.
Rotunda.
Star of Erin, D. Lowrey.
Railway.
Malt Shovel.
DUDLEY—Castle Concert Hall, A. Lawton.
DUMFRIES—Gaiety.
DUNDEE—Royal Varieties, W. McFarland.
EASTBOURNE—Britannia, A. Hounsom.
EAST HARTLEPOOL—New Star, J. R. Carter.
EDINBURGH—Varieties, H. E. Moss.
Albert.
FARNBOROUGH—North Camp.
FLEETWOOD—Royal Hotel.
Varieties.
FOLKESTONE—Back's Varieties.
GATESHEAD—Hall of Varieties, Mr. C. Cooke.
GLASGOW—Britannia, H. T. Rossborough.
Gaiety, D. S. M'Kay.
Scotia, Mrs. J. S. Baylis.
Star Music Hall, D. S. M'Kay.
GLOUCESTER—Albert Hall, T. H. Maslen.
GRAVESEND—Palace, J. Chaney.
Canterbury, E. T. Hill.
GREAT BRIDGE—Railway, T. Shaw.
GREAT GRIMSBY—Alexandra, P. J. Perrey.
Bolton and Noble's Varieties.
Corporation, H. T. Curry.
GREAT GRIMSBY—Red Lion, C. Vouse.
Bakewell's, Mr. Bakewell.
GREAT YARMOUTH—Gaiety.
GREENOCK—Queen's.
Varieties, Harry Linn.
HALIFAX—Gaiety Theatre, John Stansfeld.
Oddfellows', J. Helliwell.
HANLEY—Gaiety, L. Bosco.
HARTLEPOOL (West)—Star.
HASTINGS—Music, C. Lockey.
Pier.
HEREFORD—Shire Hall.
HEYWOOD—Wellington Hotel.
HUDDERSFIELD—Town Hall.
HULL—Alhambra Palace, T. H. Grensley.
Albert.
Regent, Mrs. R. Durden.

HULME—Coutellier's Varieties.
Vine Concert Hall.
Wellington Concert Room.
HYDE—Bay Horse Hotel.
KEIGHLEY—Britannia.
Burlington.
Odd Fellows', J. Peckover.
KIDDERMINSTER—Oxford.
Dolphin.
Swan.
KIDSGROVE (Tunstall)—Albion.
LANCASTER—Music.
LEAMINGTON—Royal.
LEEDS—Princess's, J. Hobson.
Varieties, C. Morritt.
Bay Horse.
Victoria.
Angel.
LEICESTER—Gaiety, W. Austin.
Varieties, J. Paul.
LEIGH—De Castro's.
LEITH—Star.
LIVERPOOL—Constellation.
Gaiety, H. De Frece.
Grand, Wilmot and Roach.
Haymarket, W. Thomas.
Parthenon, Mrs. J. G. Stoll.
Star, Fineberg and Lees.
St. George's.
St. James's.
LONDON—Alhambra, Company.
Arches, Mme. Gatti.
Battersea.
Bedford.
Britannia, J. Keeble.
Cambridge, Will Riley.
Canterbury, Crowder and Payne.
Collins's, H. Sprake.
Deacon's, H. E. Davis.
Eagle, T. Broom.
Forester's, J. L. and S. Graydon.
Gatti's, Mesdames Gatti.
Godfrey's Music Hall, C. Godfrey.
Green Lanes.
Hammersmith, A. Phillips and Son.
London Pavilion, E. Villiers.
Marylebone, R. F. Botting.
Metropolitan, H. G. Lake.
Middlesex, J. L. Graydon.
Oxford, J. H. Jennings.
Paragon, Crowder and Payne.
Parthenon, A. A. Hurley.
People's, Peckham, A. F. Lovejoy.
Queen's Palace of Varieties, F. and M. Abrahams.
Royal, W. T. Purkiss.
Royal Albert, C. Relf.
Royal Park Hall, W. L. Jackson.
Seabright Palace of Varieties, G. E. Belmont.
South London, Poole and Ulph, Jun.
Sun, Messrs. Hart.
Standard, R. Wake.
Star, H. Hart.
LONDON—Trocadero, R. R. Bignell.
Varieties, C. Harwood.
Victoria Coffee Palace, Company.
Victor, J. Hawkins.
LONGTON (Staffordshire)—Star.
King's Arms.
People's.
LUTON—People's.
LYNN—Palace.
People's.
MALVERN—Assembly Rooms, W. Elzy.
MANCHESTER—Folly, E. Garcia.
Gaiety, E. Garcia.
People's, Mr. Hunt.
Star, Mr. S. Mason, Manager.
St. James's Theatre, J. Reilly.
MARGATE—Hall-by-the-Sea, G. Sanger.
MIDDLESBROUGH—Oxford, R. Weighell.
NEATH—Town Hall.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—Palace of Varieties, J. H. Elliott.
Gaiety, H. E. Moss.
Victoria, J. Bagnall.
New Tyne.
NEWPORT—Star.
NORTHAMPTON—Prince of Wales' Theatre.
Lecture Hall.
NORTH SHIELDS—Gaiety, W. Turmble.
NORWICH—Connaught, W. Whyley.
East of England.
NOTTINGHAM—The Palace, C. B. Cox.
Albert.
NOTTINGHAM—Alhambra, J. B. Wigley.
OLDBURY—Museum, B. T. Sadler.
Holberry's, J. Holberry.
OLDHAM—Gaiety, H. Pemberton.
People's, W. Jefferyes.
PENRITH—Gaiety.
PLUMSTEAD—Windsor Castle.
PLYMOUTH—St. James's, J. Snowdon.
PORTSMOUTH—Amphitheatre, D. Barnard.
Vento's Varieties, H. Vento.
PRESTON—Gaiety, Harry Yorke.
RADCLIFFE—Music.
RAMSGATE—Alexandra.
Harp-by-the Sea.
READING—Foresters', Company.
Victoria, Company.
ROCHDALE—London, W. Jeffereyes.
ROTHERHAM—Clarence, J. Birch.
Grafton, George Towers.
SANDGATE—Alhambra, R. Rigden.
SCARBOROUGH—Prince of Wales, Messrs. Sarony.
SHEERNESS—Criterion, J. W. Kennedy.
Wellington, Mrs. Brisley.
SHEFFIELD—Alhambra.
Britannia.
Fleur de Lis.
Gaiety.
New Star.
Varieties.
Music Hall.

SHIELDS (South)—Alhambra and Amphitheatre, S. E. Siddall.
Public Library, L. Inkster.
Theatre of Varieties, R. Thornton.
SOUTHAMPTON—Royal York, Messrs. Hyles & Co.
Gaiety.
ST. HELENS—Gaiety, H. Finch.
STOCKPORT—People's, W. Revill.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES—Palace of Varieties, J. Hodgson.
STOKE-ON-TRENT—Eagle.
SUNDERLAND—Wear, S. H. Bell.
Avenue, H. E. Moss.
Star, S. Durland.
SWANSEA—Palace of Varieties, E. Fletcher.
TODMORDEN—Music.
TORQUAY—St. George's.
St. George's Music Hall.
TROWBRIDGE—Public, P. L. Hill.
WAKEFIELD—People's, B. Sherwood.
WALSALL—Alexandra, Mrs. C. Crook.
Earl Grey, T. Hall.
People's, B. Hawkins.
WARRINGTON—Public Hall, W. Johnson.
Gaiety Theatre, E. B. Seward.
WHITBY—New Congress, Company.
WHITEHAVEN—Shakespeare, I. Wilson.
Royal Standard, H. Dixon.
WIGAN—Star, W. Brierley.
Alexandra, Mrs. W. Johnson.
WISHAW—Varieties.
WOLVERHAMPTON—Gaiety, C. Hearn.
Macdermott's Varieties.
WOMBWELL—Albert, J. Whitehead.
WORCESTER—Public Hall.
WORKINGTON—Alexandra.
YORK—Free Trade, Mr. R. Roe.

THE manager of a concert in a town near Boston announced to the audience that owing to the illness of one of the artists a well-known singer had volunteered as a substitute, and would contribute "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town." A rival singer in the audience whispered to a friend, "That will be nearer than he got to it the last time I heard him sing it!"

A GERMAN composer was conducting one of his overtures. As the "horns" played too loudly, he told them repeatedly to play more softly, and more softly they played each time. At the fourth repetition, with a knowing wink at each other, they put their instruments to their lips, but did not blow at all. The conductor nodded approvingly. "Very good, indeed," said he. "Now, one shade softer, and you'll have it."

FOOTE sent the manuscript of his comedy of *The Minor* to the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a request that his grace would look it over, and if he saw any objectionable passage in it, "would exercise the free use of his pen, either in the way of erasure or correction." The dramatist had severely handled the Methodists in this piece, and of course if he could have obtained the sanction of the Archbishop to it, he might fairly have congratu'ated himself upon doing an excellent stroke of business. The Archbishop however, was not to be caught, and having the wisdom of the serpent, he returned the manuscript as it reached him, observing to a confidential friend, that, if he had put his pen to the piece, by way of correction or objection, the wit might have advertised his play as "corrected and prepared for the press by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

IT IS YOUR TRADE.—Auguste, the claqueur-in-chief of the French Opera, who died forty-one years ago, was considered a very conscientious and straightforward man. Perhaps we should receive such commendations with hesitation, but doubtless, according to his calling, he was honest. Suborned by a disappointed admirer, who wished to have his implacable fair one silenced at night, Auguste gave orders to his band to applaud their victim almost incessantly. The result came as he expected, for the audience, exasperated at so much venal enthusiasm, silenced the young singer of their own accord. The next day the lover indignantly demands back his thirty louis, which he had paid for what, as he considers, Auguste had not done, and flatly accuses the *claqueur* of treason. "Treason!" exclaimed Augu-te; "say rather a flash of genius. Je ne pouvais chuter Mademoiselle ——, mes principes me défendent: mais je l'ai tant applaudie que je l'ai fait chuter." Conscience does not make cowards of us all: some of us it degrades to *claqueurs*.

ACTORS and actresses have a good deal of fun among themselves on the stage, though "guying" is strongly discountenanced by good managers. Generally the fun is impromptu: but sometimes a joke is carefully planned beforehand. In a performance of "The Lady of the Lake," one of the principal actors—Roderick Dhu—was known to be in pecuniary difficulties. When Roderick gave the line: "I am Roderick Dhu," Fitz-James responded: "Yes, and your rent's due too." On the production of a piece called the "Spy," the early acts showed that it was going to prove a dead failure. So, when at a certain point a character had to rush on and shout: "Five hundred pounds for the spy!" the author, who was concealed behind a rock, arose and cried: "It's yours—copyright, manuscript, and parts!" That was the end of the performance. When eating takes place on the stage, the temptations to play tricks with the food are naturally great. In "Henry V." the leek which Pistol has to eat is usually made from an apple. But on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion the Fluellen of the evening gave him a real onion, and he had no choice but to struggle through it, though the tears coursed down his fat cheeks.

Consulting the Oracle.

BY ARTHUR W. PINERO.

ALTHOUGH it is my settled conviction that a good play, correctly presented, will succeed against all obstacles, battle down all prejudices, and win its way sooner or later to the hearts and the pockets of the public, still I am fain to admit that there is often a combination of fortuitous circumstances which materially assist to render the birth of a play peculiarly happy and propitious. Some time ago, when my opinions were in a state of transition, I consulted an oracle on this very point.

Mr. Blank, then and now, the most eminent English dramatic author, received me in the imposing stranger's room of his magnificent grey-stone-fronted club. "Pray be seated—there—out of the draught," said Mr. Blank, with well-constructed affability. I sat fairly gracefully. "You wish me to tell you," said Mr. Blank, "the proper moment at which to produce a new play?" I bowed in the particular manner in which I wished my hero to bow in the play upon which I was then engaged. "I will lay down for your guidance, my young friend," continued Mr. Blank, "three golden rules. First: Your new play must follow a dismal disastrous failure at the theatre at which it is produced; a series of dismal disastrous failures, if possible. The sympathies of the critics and the audience are then so thoroughly with the manager, that if there is a point to be turned in your favour they will goodnaturedly turn it." I chuckled inwardly. I was writing for a theatre which had long been a stranger to fortune. "Second: The first performance of your play must immediately succeed a *fiasco* by another author at another house. It is a human infirmity to judge by comparison. The critics," added Mr. Blank, loftily, "the critics are human." I admitted that I knew some of them who appeared to have home ties and natural affections. "Third, and last: You must not produce a new play in an east wind. If you do, you are doomed. I have known instances of plays prospering without the observance of my first and second rules, but I have never known a play survive an initiatory east wind. It is natural. The constitutions of the men who visit theatres on first nights are distinctly not the constitutions to stand an east wind. The ladies, too, are unhappy, snappish, self-absorbed. In the most pathetic situation—to slightly vary a critical illustration—there is not a dry nose in the theatre." I was perplexed. What was one to do, I asked, if the wind blew easterly on the occasion of a *première*? "Postpone, on account of the elaborate scenic preparations."

I thanked Mr. Blank heartily, and took my leave. I laboured at my new play. My relatives were delighted with such hints of the plot as I chose to entertain them with at the dinner-table. The time for its performance drew near. Failure had continued at the home of its approaching birth; the dramatic cradle of its infancy was draped in desponding hues. A new play was produced at a neighbouring theatre two nights before the production of my work. The new play was soundly hissed. The conditions of two of the three golden rules were therefore fulfilled. I rose early on the morning of the eventful day. Eagerly I consulted the Forecast of the Meteorological Office in the newspaper. The latest indications were—Bar. falling; weather, rainy; wind, E. My spirits rose; the latest indications were invariably inaccurate. I was correct in this surmise; the day was bright, balmy, glorious. At the theatre I met Mr. Blank, hurrying in to be present at the rising of the curtain. "I congratulate you," said he, warmly. "Everything combines for your success. My three golden rules are obeyed."

I cannot dwell upon this matter. *The play was irretrievably damned!* Walking home from the theatre, angry, wretched, disconsolate, with my head down,

I jostled against somebody who was strolling along smoking a cigarette. I muttered a vindictive apology. It was Mr. Blank. "This is the result of your three golden rules, Mr. Oracle!" said I, with an artificial laugh. "My dear young friend," said Mr. Blank, "you are unjust. Recollect rule No. 1. You have but added to the series of dismal disastrous failures which will unfailingly contribute to the success of some other work."

He was right. The play which succeeded mine was by—Mr. Blank. It was triumphantly successful, and is running now.

"Uncle John."

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

HAD a near relative who for years was a never-ending source of amusement to me. He had strongly-marked peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. From the first day that I managed, by a stroke of good fortune, to obtain admission to "the dramatic ring" (I believe the expression is still fashionable among the great unacted), I marked him out as a splendid "character" for a comedy. I felt sure that if I could only reproduce him upon the stage there was money in him. Unfortunately, there was a difficulty in the way. My relative was a man quick to take offence, and slow to forgive an impertinence. He demanded more than respect from his friends and connections; he insisted upon reverence. He was, moreover, an old man and a wealthy one, and he had given me to understand that if I behaved myself his fortune would some day pass to me—if I did not it would go to the Dogs' Home. Now, I am always anxious to benefit deserving institutions, but I am human as well as humane, and I was unable to resist the idea that to inherit under a wealthy man's will must be a very pleasant sensation. There arose in my mind a great conflict. On the one hand, I was burning to put my esteemed relative on the stage, and, on the other hand, I was most anxious to do nothing which would alienate his affection and drive him to the dogs. At last the moment came when I could no longer resist introducing him to the footlights. I had the plot of a comedy constructed, and I knew that such a character as my relative would do much towards making it a success. For the purposes of explanation, I will here call him "Uncle John." While I was cogitating, and weighing the pros and cons carefully in my mind, a lucky chance favoured my scheme. Uncle John called upon me to say that he had been ordered by his physicians to travel for the benefit of his health, and that he was about to start on an extended European trip. I bade him an affectionate *bon voyage*, and set to work gleefully at my comedy. He was gone; he would be away for more than a year; the danger was removed, for he would not see my play and discover how faithfully I had held the mirror up to the weak points of his nature. I felt sure that a British audience would roar with delight at the many eccentricities of Uncle John.

Two months after his departure from our shores the comedy was produced at a metropolitan theatre. Uncle John was the success of the play. The audience relished him, and roared at him. The press complimented me on the creation of a novel and highly diverting character. No one relished Uncle John more than I did. Night after night I stood at the back of the dress circle and chuckled and rubbed my hands. But my delight was cut prematurely short. On the hundredth night of the play I occupied a private box. Glaring down at the grinning faces of the audience, my eye was riveted by one solemn face in the middle of the pit. That face never once relaxed into a smile—it wore a stern and vicious look that struck terror to my soul. It was the face of Uncle John.

The next morning there lay upon my breakfast table a letter. I recognised

the handwriting on the envelope, and I opened it with fear and trembling. It ran as follows: "My dear Nephew,—I returned to town for a few days to settle some legal business. I took the opportunity of seeing your play. I am sorry that you should think it worth while to hold me up to the ridicule of the mob. I have no doubt I am the idiot you depict, but I am not quite such a fool as you make me in the last act. There, I forgive those who have made a butt of me. In real life, my dear nephew, I do nothing of the sort, as my 'last act and deed' will testify. I understand you receive £5 a night for the play which you have manufactured out of my infirmities of character. I shall charge you ten times that amount for the hire of my personality. The play has been performed 100 times; I have deducted £5,000 from the sum I had intended to leave you. I shall deduct a further £50 for every future performance of your personal insult to myself. God bless you. Go on and prosper. Your affectionate Uncle John.'

I went at once to my uncle's house. He had not been there; he was staying at an hotel. I went to the hotel; he had left for Dover, *en route* for the continent again. Then I went to the management, and requested them to withdraw the play. They refused, and, by the terms of my agreement, I had no power to alter their decision. The play ran for another 100 nights. Another £5,000 gone from my inheritance. Acquaintances met me, and congratulated me: "By Jove, old fellow, you must be making a fortune," they exclaimed. Making a fortune, confound them, I was losing one! £10,000 had slipped through my fingers, and had gone to the Dogs' Home. Home, why a perfect palace awaited the tykes who would benefit under my uncle's will. At last the play was withdrawn. A week afterwards I received another note from Uncle John: "Dear Nephew,—From the £15,000 I had originally left you I have deducted the sum of £10,500. If you reckon up the nights 'I' ran, you will, I think, find this correct." I flung the letter into the fire, and cursed the hour that I was tempted to make dramatic capital out of Uncle John.

* * * * * *

A year went by, and I became reconciled to my loss. There was still £4,500 to come to me under uncle's will. That was something; at least that was safe from the voracious bow-wows. I went on with my stage work, and produced more plays, but I was exceedingly careful not to take my characters from my family circle. I had learnt a bitter lesson. At the end of the year I had almost forgotten my prospective loss, and was able to look at a dog without a feeling of enmity. One day, walking along the Strand, I met the manager of the theatre at which the fatal comedy had been produced. "Hullo! old fellow," he exclaimed, "I was just going to write to you. We are going to revive your *Uncle John*, and I think we shall get another three months out of it." He did. My remonstrances were in vain. The London right was his for three years. At the end of the revival a long-expected letter arrived from abroad. It was very short. "My dear Nephew,—It's all gone to the dogs now. God bless you. Uncle John." "D—— the dogs," I cried, as I flung the letter from me, and clenched my fists in impotent rage. Then I took up another letter—an official-looking affair—and opened it mechanically. It was from the Commissioners of Income Tax, and they had clapped another £2000 on to my assessment on account of the profits arising from the performances of *Uncle John*. I have been out of town for the benefit of my health ever since, and I am not myself yet. Uncle John died a month ago, and they tell me that the animals at the Dogs' Home wear silver collars, and have lamb chops for dinner every day. They say the drama is going to the dogs—my comedy went there at any rate.

THERE is no great difference between the average young lady possessed of a musical education and the squeaking toy. They both have to be pressed to sing.

IT is sad that more than 2,200 years before the Christian era there were professors of music in China, and the divine art was cultivated there. Persons who have heard a Chinese orchestra will be unable to realize that music was once known and cultivated in that far-off land. A few thousand years ago the people of China would no doubt have regarded a boiler foundry as a Conservatory of Music.

How I got the Goose.

BY HENRY PETTITT.

THE snow lay thick and heavy in the streets of Churchminster, and was piled several feet high against the doors of the tumble-down theatre at which we had been appearing during the previous week. I need scarcely tell you that the nights preceding Christmas are generally the very worst in the whole year, and our experience had been no exception to the general rule; some nights the audience assembled to witness our entertainment had barely outnumbered the orchestra, and the ladies and gentlemen engaged in giving it. Unfortunately, the manager's purse was not equal to the emergency. He had an unfortunate habit, when the business was good, of buying sealskin jackets, gold necklets, bangles, and other feminine luxuries, for his wife (and sometimes for other ladies who could not lay claim to that distinction), and of covering his own fingers with diamond rings. He would stay at the best hotel, job the best carriage and horses to be obtained for love or money, and, as he tersely and correctly expressed it himself, "live up to the business." When the bad times arrived, the jewellery disappeared as quickly as it came. The necklets and bangles would exit after each other with monotonous regularity; then the sealskin jacket would be replaced by a cloth one; and after that the same process would be repeated with the manager himself; one by one the diamond rings would disappear like stars behind the gathering clouds, and modest lodgings would replace the grand hotel. We had suffered from a long spell of ill-luck, and, as a natural consequence, our salaries were in arrear. On Christmas Eve a few shillings for each member of the company were all that could be squeezed out of the reluctant grasp of our worthy manager, who held to the simple creed that it was his duty to provide for himself before he studied others. There were sad hearts among the company that snow-bound Christmas Eve, as they wended their way home to their lodgings with but scanty hopes of a satisfactory Christmas dinner. Nothing, however, could upset the cheerful equanimity of our manager, who stood me a couple of drinks before going home, and gave me a warm and pressing invitation to dine with him the next day. "I know you are used to a good Christmas dinner when you are at home at your governor's," he said; "but we will see if Johnny Dryden can't give you as good a one in his humble lodgings at Churchminster; but not a word to the company—you know what I mean, old man." He winked, lighted his Intimidad cigar, shook hands, and walked home, singing to himself.

I must explain that John Dryden and I had known each other when we were both in a very different walk of life, and this will perhaps explain his affability and condescension. I had inwardy resolved, however, not to accept the invitation, as I had promised to spend my Christmas Day with some of the company, who had clubbed together for the sake of economy, and had taken lodgings at an old tavern in one of the side streets near the theatre, and I did not wish to desert them It was a small party, consisting of three ladies, the tenor (who was over six feet high, and consumptive), the second bass (who was only consumptive where the victuals were concerned, and who had a voice like the rumbling of an earthquake), a little girl who played the children's parts, and myself. The house had the scantiest of custom, and the accommodation was of the poorest. The landlady, a very needy widow, had told us in the plainest language that she could only supply us with such provisions as we were able to pay for beforehand, and that, although she loved the profession, she could not afford to trust it. The party had one sitting-room in common. In the palmy days of the inn it had been the principal room in the house; on two sides it had a large number of high

windows that reached from the floor to the ceiling. They were entirely destitute of blinds, and the only semblance to curtains were the ridges of snow that lay high on the ledges and framework. At one end was a dusty, rickety bagatelle board, at the other a ridiculously inadequate grate for so large a room, with a smoky chimney. A few high-backed and exceedingly uncomfortable chairs flanked a long narrow table, and altogether it was impossible to conceive a room with a more cheerless and dreary aspect, as the snow fell and beat against the window panes with merciless monotony, and the draughts chased each other over the carpetless floor.

It was two o'clock on Christmas Day, and the best dinner the company had been able to subscribe for was being placed upon the table. Never shall I forget the hungry look in the six-foot tenor's face, and the wan and wistful expression in the eyes of one of the chorus ladies. Poor girl! until then she had been used to the luxuries of her parents' home, and when, in opposition to her father's wishes, she had gone on the stage, resolved to make her way by her own exertions, she little thought that she would be brought face to face with such hardships. The other two young ladies had more experience, and they were good-naturedly trying to console their companion, when the men discovered from the landlady that there was to be no credit for drinks. The news came like a thunderbolt, and they stared at each other in blank dismay. There on the table stood the Christmas dinner, consisting of a supply of vegetables and a small, burnt, and badly-fried piece of leathery-looking steak. I could stand it no longer; rising from the table, I hurriedly told them to keep the vegetables while I was away, seized my hat, and rushed round to the comfortable lodgings of John Dryden, and in an indescribable state of excited indignation burst into his sitting-room. "Hullo, here you are!" exclaimed that worthy, "just in time to have a sherry and bitters to whet your appetite," and he stepped towards the side-board laden with wine bottles, while his wife, her sister, and a couple of guests hobnobbed over a blazing fire and clinked their glasses. I took him on one side, and briefly and plainly told him I wanted some money for his hard-pressed company, and, by dint of sheer persistency, eventually squeezed out a sovereign. I then told him I was tired of hard work and incomplete salaries, and should leave his company. "For Heaven's sake don't do that," he cried; "to-morrow will be Boxing Day, and unless you stay I can't open; you must—I cannot lose you." While he was using all his eloquence to persuade me to remain the servants were bringing in the dinner, and a rich and bounteous feast it was—a huge sirloin of beef, flanked on one side by roast fowls, and on the other by a fat and luscious goose. "Take your seats," said Johnny Dryden, and the expectant diners obeyed with alacrity, while I walked to the side-board and, unnoticed, slipped a couple of bottles of port into each pocket. "Come along, old chappie," shouted Johnny Dryden; "the wife will carve the fowls, I'll cut up the beef, and you had better take the goose—and don't talk about leaving, for we can't do without you." "Very well, then," I answered, as I opened the door for a clear exit, "If you can't do without me you'll have to do without that goose. You told me to take it, and d—n me if I don't"; and, taking up the tureen, I poured the apple sauce over the goose, then, taking up the dish before their astonished eyes, I walked out of the house with it. "Come back," shouted Johnny; "are you mad, are you joking?" but deaf to his cries I ran as fast as my legs could carry me through the narrow streets of Churchminster, past the astonished townspeople, who turned to gaze at me, through the swing doors of the tavern, and into the room, and plumping down the goose upon the table, producing the bottles of port and the sovereign, I cried out, "There, boys and girls, is your Christmas dinner." The drinks were ordered up; we bought the landlady's plum pudding, and I doubt if ever a merrier party spent Christmas Day in Churchminster.

Actors as Critics.

BY W. C. DAY.

CYNICISM and jealousy are component parts of our weak human nature, and as much a portion of its composition as veritable flesh and muscle. Theatrical human nature is not free from these weaknesses, as the following examples will show.

The late Charles Mathews married Madame Vestris in July, 1838, and very shortly afterwards the newly-wedded pair proceeded to America on a professional tour. They were absent from England only five months, as the increasing liabilities of the Olympic, of which theatre the comedian was lessee, compelled a hasty return; and Covent Garden (then tenantless) being offered to Mathews on what he considered advantageous terms, he and his fair partner entered upon the management of that national house in the following year. Vestris had so long been a reigning favourite with the public, that her absence from the London boards was hailed with rejoicing by many ladies of the theatre, and numerous were the tales piquantly told in various green rooms of the gallantries of her former life, censure being even occasionally extended to her professional ability. On one of these occasions an intimate friend of the absentee had espoused her talents with such extravagant praise, as compared with the powers of her rivals, as to arouse the jealousy of the actresses present, each of whom was dying for an opportunity to slip in a word of sarcasm. Presently the lady, in her enthusiasm for her friend, commenced a eulogy of Madame's private worth, enlarging on her liberality, goodness of heart, and her acknowledged frank and candid nature. This last merit was carped at, and its existence warmly contested on both sides. At length, the friend exclaimed vehemently "Pray where, ladies, can you find a stronger proof of candour than in the fact, which I can attest of my own knowledge, that prior to her marriage she confided to Mathews, undisguisedly, the entire history of her former life?" "But what needless trouble," interrupted Mrs. Humby, with a smirking smile of contempt. "Of course, dear," chimed in Mrs. Orger, anxious for her fling at the favourite, "but still, what touching confidence!" "Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Glover, raising both hands, and gazing round the room with a stare of ineffable astonishment, "but what an astounding memory, ladies! I could not have believed the feat was possible."

Not many seasons ago, a popular actress, who has also gained celebrity in the literary world, had given mortal offence to a rival *artiste* at the final rehearsal of a comedy, whose title, for obvious reasons, must be held sacred; and so vital was the feud between the parties, that the offended lady then and there threw up her engagement, and positively declined to take part in the coming production. Nature, it appears, had been over prodigal with the offender in bestowing upon her a pair of feet somewhat disproportionate with the Venus de Medici model; and small feet and hands, as all the world knows, are powerful weapons of attack with the fair sex when the victim of their wrath happens to be less favourably provided. On the night of the play's production the seceding daughter of Thalia had arranged to accompany a well-known tragedian to the theatre, and the Lothario waited a good half hour at the appointed trysting-place, without being favoured with the appearance of his expected companion. Supposing something unforeseen to have occurred, the gentleman hurried to the theatre, and left with the attendant checktaker the ticket for his missing fair one's stall. The second scene of the play had begun when the errant syren passed through the stalls' door, and took her seat by his side. "What on earth," he exclaimed, "has made you so late? I waited in the rain, at the corner of Wellington Street, for fully half an hour." "Forgive me, there's a dear, good creature," responded the lady; "so sorry to have treated you so, I am indeed; but really I could not help it." "Pardon's

granted," said the tragedian, with one of his blandest smiles, and a polite inclination of the head; "but the cause, my soul, the cause?" "A fearful obstruction in the Strand," explained the lady with a slight titter; "quite impossible for me to get along." "How? what was it—an accident?" "A dreadful one for *her*," whispered the arch libeller, playfully patting her companion's arm with her fan. "It was Miss ——'s *feet*: the omnibuses blocked up the road, and the peacock feet sprawled all over the pavement; so I could not get by, you see."

During Charles Dillon's management of the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, the leading celebrities of the day fulfilled starring engagements on those boards, and the criticisms they indulged in on each other's abilities I give as nearly as possible in the manager's own words. "Who was your last attraction, Mr. Dillon?" inquired Madame Vestris of the lessee at rehearsal on the morning of her opening performance. "Miss Faucit," was the response. "She was here for six nights last month. We had splendid business all the week." "God bless me!" exclaimed Madame, with a shrug of the "enamelled" shoulders, "I never could understand Helen's success. Extremely lady-like, musical voice, tolerable figure; but so wonderfully angular, Mr. Dillon, so *dreadfully* angular. She always reminds me of a *wooden doll at the joints*."

Charles Kean and his wife were the next comers, and the lady made the usual inquiry as to the star who had preceded them. "Madame Vestris," replied the manager. "Madame Vestris!" echoed the late Ellen Tree, in surprise. That shameless creature as a star! What indelicacy! Of course, there were *not any ladies in the boxes*."

Dillon wound up his management of the Sheffield Theatre by engaging Macready for a week, and on their meeting on the stage, the morning after the star's arrival, the great tragedian inquired courteously as to the success of the past season, asking whose engagement the lessee considered had proved most profitable to his exchequer. "Really, sir," replied Dillon, toying with his "imperial," as was his wont when in thought, "I have been so fortunate with all my stars, I hardly know to whom to accord the palm. Miss Cushman drew immense houses; the boxes were crowded every night." "Humph!" muttered the tragedian, turning listlessly over the leaves of a prompt-book that lay on a table by his side. "Then, Mr. Kean's attraction was equally great. On his last night we played to more than——" "Kean! eh?" interrupted the actor, still playing with the book, and not raising his eyes from its leaves. "Yes, humph—er—well, he had *a clever father*." "Then," pursued Dillon, "we had Gustavus Brooke in the Doncaster race week, and the house was crammed to suffocation as soon as the doors were opened." "Brooke! Good God!" said Macready, suddenly dropping the book, and staring his manager full in the face, as if uncertain whether he had heard aright. "Brooke! humph! Noisy, emphatic, guttural—hum—er—hum; not nearly so graceful as Anderson—not nearly so good an actor; and, hum—er-hum—*he's an idiot*."

"BEAUTY DRAWS US" (*Pope*).—Duvernay, whose triumphs never cost her more than they were worth, required all her wit to deal with the unbidden lovers who crowded round her, importunate for her smiles. Her sharp tongue had hardly properly reproved an old Russian, who thought that troubles and conquest in matters of love always went together, than she was beset by a poor clerk of the embassy; very earnest, no doubt, but not too reasonable. He has no fortune, but for her sake he would give his life, delighted with the sacrifice. "If I wanted your head, you would bring it me, eh?" asked Duvernay. "You men are all alike, you always offer what we do not wish to have." "Ask anything of me," urged the copyist of protocols. "Anything? Then I will have one of your teeth," was the rejoinder. "You are not serious?" stammered the enthusiastic lover. "It is you who are not serious," said the dancer. "I ask you for that tooth," pointing to one in the very midst of his perfect row of ivories, "and immediately you demur." The young gentleman went away somewhat sadly, but returned in due time with that centre tooth transferred from its gum to an elegant little box. "There, now," exclaimed Duvernay, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "I knew you would disappoint me. I pointed to your lower jaw, and you have had a tooth drawn from the upper one." The diplomatic Endymion retired with official dignity; he was not going to play the lion to this Terpsichorean maiden. One tooth was enough to lose; and he still possessed his Wisdom ones.

A Disappointed Understudy.

BY J. COMYNS CARR.

An understudy with ambition is a species of intellectual undertaker. He watches with anxiety for the least symptom of failing health in the actor he is destined to supplant; the signs of the slightest ailment in the principal performer raise hopes which he can scarcely translate into the language of sympathy. It is known that poisoners—who are the only professional murderers, all others being mere amateurs in crime, who are lifted by the accident of passion or the desire of greed into sudden pre-eminence—are always lovingly tender to their victims. It is so also with the understudy. No one is so considerate, or so apt to take alarm. From the understudy always comes the first intelligence of an actor's indisposition. To his eager eyes a slight bilious attack contains the promise of gastric fever; a little more rouge than usual on the cheek is transformed into the hectic flush which precedes a galloping consumption. Even the slightest sprain becomes a broken limb that can scarcely escape amputation. And yet by nature he is endowed with feelings as kindly as others can boast; it is only the enthusiasm of his profession which hardens his heart.

Certainly James Alward was, in appearance at least, a good-natured man, but his ambition was by no means satisfied with the very small part he was called upon to perform. I was producing a piece some years ago at a well-known theatre in the north of England, and I can recall now the expression of countenance with which he used to watch the rehearsals during the long intervals when he was not himself upon the stage. His eyes were riveted upon every gesture and movement of the principal performer. We had been at school together, and he had taken to the stage as so many men take to the Church, because his relations had failed to discover in him any sort of aptitude for any other profession. Of course, he was mortally offended at not being entrusted with "the lead," and it was only on the distinct promise of the understudy that he consented, for old friendship's sake, to hide his genius for a while in the livery of a footman. But throughout the tour he never gave up hope that the leading man would one day be found suddenly stretched upon a bed of sickness. "How ill H—— looks to-night," he used to say to me at least four times a week, as he waited at the wing ready to go on with the tea-tray. "I wish he would take more care of himself." Nor was it only to me that he was wont to make these confidences. His pessimistic view of the hopeless condition of H——'s health became a standing joke with all the members of the company, and at last it reached the ears of the person principally concerned. I don't think H—— was an ill-natured man, but he possessed a sense of humour for which I had provided no outlet in the part of the hero; and it was perhaps, therefore, not very wonderful that he should seek an opportunity for its exercise in private life. On the third week of our tour he began to complain of sickness and headache, and, strange to say, Alward's sympathy took the form of irrepressible high spirits. He was full of sorrow and regret, but by some awkward trick of voice his words of studied condolence always sounded like a dirge that had been accidentally set to the tune of a comic song. On the Saturday evening, however, the matter became really serious, and about half an hour before the curtain was to rise I received a letter from H—— to say that he was too ill to play. I at once went to Alward's dressing-room and made the announcement. His sorrow was, of course, extreme, but he mastered his grief with almost Roman sternness, and in ten minutes he was ready to go on and play the part.

At last the moment arrived. The hero's first entrance was not particularly effective as he had to come on from the wing absorbed in the reading of a

letter which he had just received from the lady he adored. Alward had always declared that H—— made no point of this. He was too often tempted, as he explained to me, to lift his eyes from the paper in order to invite a "reception" from the audience. Alward, at least, would not fall into this blunder. When his cue came he strode on without raising his head until reaching the centre of the stage, when, after kissing the letter passionately, he turned to commence his soliloquy. But at that moment, instead of finding himself alone in the woodland glade which formed the scene, there, almost touching him, was the manly form of H—— himself. Alward staggered as though he had seen a ghost.

I learned afterwards, for I was not in the secret at the time, that H—— had prepared a humorous line with which to dismiss the intruder, but it was not needed. Alward retreated without a word until he was caught at the wing by a gas man, and H—— then continued the scene as though nothing had happened. What the audience thought I never learned, but Alward's view of the matter was conveyed to me at length in a letter, composed in the train on his way to King's Cross on the following morning. For the remainder of the tour we had to provide another footman.

Smith's Plot.

BY ALFRED R. MARSHALL.

SMITH is an eccentric genius, a man who has tried his hand at many things, and succeeded in none; a good beginner, but a bad finisher; his heart in the right place, but his brains in the wrong. He has written a novel in a nutshell, and a comedy on a post card, but his more ambitious efforts have generally been attended with failure. I called on him the other night, and found him at his desk, deep in thought. He looked up on hearing my entrance announced, and a smile of pleasure illumined his countenance. "You are the very man I particularly desired to see," he said; "sit down and make yourself comfortable. I have just hit on one of the most ingenious plots for a dramatic piece that the mind of mortal ever conceived; and you, dear boy, as a man whose critical acumen I greatly respect, shall be my 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' in pointing out any little defects of construction that may strike you in the outline I propose to lay before you. Now, in the first place——" I suddenly remembered a pressing appointment, and made a desperate attempt to gain possession of my hat, but Smith forestalled me, and, forcing me into a chair, compelled me to listen. "Now, in the first place," said Smith, "my hero believes himself to be guilty of matricide, which I think is a powerful dramatic motive, although there is one little difficulty that I didn't altogether take into consideration." "And that is——?" I enquired. "Well, I can't quite work out what it is that causes him to think so. Anyhow, I must get him to believe that he has done the deed somehow, because I want his wife to go mad in consequence—though why a woman should take the death of her mother-in-law so much to heart I can't inform you. I have some thoughts of winding up the act with the murder of the wife—the only thing is, if he loses his wife, what is he to do?" "Why, marry his deceased wife's sister," I suggested, "that is, if you can get them to pass the bill." "Capital idea," said Smith, "and with regard to passing the bill, I can get them to do anything in a drama. I shall make a note of your suggestion, my boy, and very likely act upon it. What I want now is to tell you something about this plot. I have already told you that the miser believes Sir Rupert to be the real assassin of Devereux——" "I beg your pardon, Smith," I interposed, with quiet firmness, "you have told me nothing of the kind. This is the first I have heard about the miser, and I am equally in the dark as to the

identity of Sir Rupert and the defunct Devereux." "Well, perhaps I was anticipating," said Smith; "that incident will come in with better effect presently. To return to the main thread of the story, you will remember there was a lack of love interest in the first act. I certainly must bring in the girl somehow, but the question is, in what way? Can you suggest any expedient?" "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me, Smith, whether you bring the girl in on a tricycle, or shoot her through a star trap," I replied; and Smith said, "Well, it isn't very important, we can talk about that later on. At present you want to hear something about this plot." "I should certainly like to catch a microscopic glimpse of it," was my sarcastic response. "Well," said Smith, "I am endeavouring to explain it as clearly as I can, but if you are going to keep on bothering me like this I shall get confused. It requires a clear brain to grasp the ramifications of my plot, I can tell you. I'm a regular Dumas at this kind of thing. Now, I have a nice little *imbroglio* in the second act. After Carruthers has escaped to the continent, the murdered detective comes to life again, and, by means of the forged will, compels Bemmerton to confess the share he had in the abduction of Emmeline. Do you follow me?" "Think not of me, dear Smith," I exclaimed, with emotion. "Heaven forfend that I should question the lucidity of your narrative. Go on—I follow!" "Thanks, old boy," said Smith, "you are very kind. It is really a pleasure to listen to so intelligent a critic. I was almost afraid I had not made these particular points sufficiently clear. Now, let me see, where was I? Did I leave Stornaway in the act of escaping over the house-tops, or was Bemmerton still struggling with the bailiffs?" "Both!" I yelled, while the wild glare of incipient lunacy lent a weird and unnatural aspect to my countenance. "That's all right, then," said Smith, cheerfully; "and now I want to talk to you about this character of Bemmerton. Of course, you can perceive the object I had in view in sketching this part. You quite see that the idea I wish to convey is the triumph of Irresolution over Intellect, and the effects of Morbid Melancholia upon the mind. In this one character you cannot fail to note that I have successfully blended the two opposite attributes of Pessimistic Platonism and Optimist Heterodoxy. You will see——" "I do see, Smith," I murmured plaintively; "I do, indeed; and, if need be, I will swear it!" "There is no occasion for that," said the eloquent Smith, warming to the occasion; "I knew that a man with your intuitive perception of the poetry of philology would be certain to comprehend the vast possibilities underlying the scheme of such a character as I have endeavoured dimly to foreshadow to you. But we are wandering a little from the subject. I should like, if possible, to come to some clear understanding about this plot. Now, we left Borrodaile on the high seas in an open boat——" But the last point of human endurance had been reached, and a fair-haired and hatless youth had rushed out into the night, leaving Smith to disentangle himself from the meshes of his own plot as best he might.

THE FANTASTIC TOE.—It is said that Vestris, the great professor of dancing, died of old age, but it is also denied. Besides, he was only eighty-three years old! Like many more of us, he had lived beyond his time. The delight people had had in seeing a man of mature age, dressed in a little jacket, with short trunks, silk tights and pumps, dancing and posing with the airs and graces of a beautiful *danseuse*, had considerably cooled. In his illness, which may be called decline—at least the decline of male dancers' attractions—he seeks the solace of a newspaper, and there reads, "Wanted a professor of dancing at Calcutta. No one need apply unless he is a good corn-cutter." No wonder the poor professor went to bed to rise from it no more. Was the *Gavotte de Vestris* no better than a Solomon Lobb's March?

M. RENÉ LUGUET, eldest brother of the eminent actress, Madame Marie Laurent, and himself a very clever artist, has often given proof of his ready wit. One night, when fulfilling an engagement at Brussels, he appeared in a mediæval drama, and had to present to the King a despatch, which the property man had left blank. The King had not learnt by heart, however, the contents of the document, but the actor charged with the *rôle* hit upon what he doubtless thought a clever means of extricating himself from the difficulty by handing the paper open to Luguet. "Read!" he said, in a commanding tone. Luguet hesitated a moment, then, with imposing gravity, rejoined: "Pardon me, Sire, but my parents, though honest, were poor, and I was not taught to read!" His Majesty thereupon completely lost his head, and was soundly hissed by the audience.

How I became Queen.

BY J. B. HOWE.

FROM the age of five up to nine my life was not a rosy one, save by the few fitful gleams of sunshine cast upon my career from an accidental acquaintance I made with the two sons and two daughters of a Mr. Lightfoot, the then property master of the Adelphi Theatre. This worthy, with his family, inhabited a little cottage in a quiet nook near the Westminster burial ground, at the top of the Broadway, and, as my mother had removed from York Street to Strutton Ground, an acquaintance had sprung up between the Lightfoots and myself. That I was a very entertaining urchin at that time it is not for me to say; they, however, must have thought so, for I can remember being frequently invited to their little repasts, and their quiet homely evenings, and contrasting their warm and cosy rooms with the almost bare interior of my own poor home. I can remember more than one Christmas night spent in their society, and more than one stage manufactured by my own hands with Skelt's characters and scenes, and, what was then to me the greatest charm of all, real gunpowder to blow up the mill, and real foil paper (brought from the Adelphi property-room) to stick on the characters. Oh, those were indeed the "good old days of the drama." During this period (it must have been when I was about eight years old), they produced at the Adelphi their very last pantomime, called *Hokee Pokee Wankee Fun; or, The King of the Cannibal Islands*, in which his man-eating Majesty was supposed to indulge in one hundred wives. The wives were impersonated by children with enormously large heads (masks), and I was selected by Mr. Lightfoot, together with his two little sons, to make three of the wives at the enormous salary of sixpence per night. On the first night, however, to disappoint me in my theatrical aspirations, an incident occurred in the comic scenes which was not mentioned in the programme, and which resulted in the total abolition of pantomime at that house, and paralysing for a time the glowing ambition of your humble servant. W. H. or J. W. Smith was the clown, and, I think, George Wieland the harlequin. In one of the rallies, while they were throwing about carrots, turnips, fish, sausages, &c., the clown jumped off the stage into the big drum in the orchestra. The leader got up and expostulated with the clown, and a regular quarrel took place (of course previously arranged), but the audience failed to see where the joke came in, and what was intended to be very funny, resulted in something little short of a riot, and consequently the pantomime was damned from that hour. Night after night the houses got thinner and thinner, and fifty of his majesty's wives had to be divorced in the first week. Whether his Highness was satisfied with this arrangement I cannot pretend to say; I only know that little Tommy Howe was one of the forlorn fifty, and so the three shillings per week that was to be such a God-send to my mother was stopped. So was the pantomime. That was my very first appearance as an actor—I beg pardon, an actress (I was a queen), and to be crushed the first week did indeed seem *too* bad. From this time forth I continued to build theatres on a small scale, and to get up Private Theatricals in our back yard, at which George and Edwin Lightfoot invariably assisted. We commenced at first by demanding from the audiences (usually collected at the back windows overlooking the yard) so many pins per head, but, as these failed to pay expenses, we finally charged a halfpenny each to see the "show," as it was impossible to make paper jackets and wooden swords without materials; to say nothing of several cobbler's candles to light up the paper proscenium under which we fought broadsword combats, which I accompanied by tunes that were whistled. These performances, I well remember, gave unbounded satisfaction, and, what is more, no money was ever re-demanded at the doors, which was at least consoling to the artistes engaged.

First Nights in New York.

BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

DURING my recent visit to New York I had the good fortune to be present at many of the opening nights of the season. The temper of a first-night audience in New York differs in many respects from the temper of a first-night audience in London. Perhaps this is due in some measure to the absence of the pit in New York. A New York audience is not less appreciative, but I think it is a shade less demonstrative than a first-night audience in London. A New York audience takes its first night in a rather easier, more business-like fashion. There is not, I fancy, so much electricity in the air; and, what is a great gain to audience, author, actors, and critics alike, there is a loosening of that terrible tension which makes a London first night a martyrdom to all concerned, whether the play is a failure or a success. Rightly or wrongly, a feeling prevails behind the curtain, on a first night in London, that the new play has to fight for dear life at every inch; and in vain does one try to combat this feeling by the remembrance that first-night verdicts have been, on the whole, sound and fair. One marked feature of a New York first night is the absence of applause at the end of the play. The great burst of applause generally comes at the end of the last act but one; and when the curtain finally falls, the audience at once proceed, in the most business-like fashion, to leave their seats without making the slightest demonstration.

I had noticed this peculiarity (for so it seemed to me) at the opening night of the Madison Square, the second evening after my arrival. The play of *Sealed Instructions* had evidently interested and amused the audience throughout, and the last act had been quite as successful as the others. I expected some demonstration at the fall of the curtain, but no—the moment the play was ended there was a general movement without the least disposition to applaud. I mentioned this to Mr. Palmer, who explained to me that it was the custom of the country.

The same thing happened the next night but one at the first night of *The Magistrate* in New York. The comedy had evidently delighted the house from beginning to end. There had been a great demonstration at the end of the second act, and Pinero had made a very capital speech, promising the New Yorkers no end of fun in the future. The third act, as I noticed, had equally amused them, and in London would have ended with three or four calls in front of the curtain, more speech-making, and a general disposition in the pit to stand on the benches and shout till the lights were turned out. But in New York the audience quietly got up and went out without any sign, though evidently they were perfectly satisfied. I was able to explain to Pinero that it was the custom of the country.

It was my good luck in New York to be present at successful first nights only, and I did not witness a failure; but I am told they have a terrible method of condemning a play they do not like. They simply leave their seats during its progress and walk out, so that at the end of the piece the poor actors are playing to a beggarly array of empty benches. This method of damning a play is as cruel, and as effectual, as it is in perfect good taste. It is no part of my intention to put weapons of condemnation into the hands of our own first-nighters, but I fancy they do not know how infinitely more crushing and final such a condemnation of a play would be than the usual demonstration which attends a London failure. But, after all, if a play is to be damned, it doesn't much matter what method is used.

I cannot close this note without a word of recognition of the uniform kindness and courtesy I received in New York. They treated me so well that I could not help threatening them with another visit. I was a little ashamed

to add to the number of English dramatic authors then visiting New York—there seemed to be quite a little swarm of us. At least, I should have been ashamed if I had not comforted myself with the thought that Americans and Englishmen are but twin halves of one great nation, and that all the Americans whom I met were as ready to acknowledge the tie of brotherhood as I was anxious they should.

A Prompter's Love.

BY ROBERT COURTNEIDGE.

"HE'S a jolly good fellow" was the opinion of every one concerning Howard Digby, and as such he had been considered from the very first day he entered the profession. As in the case of innumerable others, the reputation of being a "jolly good fellow" had only been acquired at the expense of social position, and left him, after fifteen years' hard work in the profession, a poorer, and not a wiser man. He was the son of wealthy parents, and had been educated for the Bar. His father, however, had so dosed the youthful brain with Lyttleton, and Coke upon Lyttleton, that, after some time, the boy's soul revolted at the very mention of law. After a wild career at Oxford, he crowned the sum of his misdeeds by adopting the stage as a profession. Turning a deaf ear to all the remonstrances of his family and friends, and refusing to reconsider his determination to become an actor, he was formally disinherited, and an intimation conveyed to him that for the future the ancestral home of the Digbys would no longer be available for his residence. If his father erred in one particular, at least he was right in the conviction that Howard had no special aptitude for the stage, and the first reverse of fortune found him descending the scale with a rapidity peculiar to the profession; and at the time when this story opens he had been glad to accept an engagement as prompter at Coketown.

Howard Digby was rather above the medium height, with brown curly hair, already slightly tinged with grey; brown eyes, and a clean-shaven oval face—altogether, a frank and manly one, but bearing evident traces of early dissipation. Everything about him denoted a careless shabbiness. It was the old story—loss of position had been followed by that of self-respect. Digby was unmarried, but he had a landlady who for five years had ruled him with a rod of iron. Mrs. Bloggins, the lady in question, was a very little, and a very stout person, of about forty years, who accommodated him with two small rooms at the largest price her conscience and his apathy would allow her to charge. She had two children, a boy and a girl. Both were young in years, but old in wickedness, as poor Digby used sorrowfully to think when sometimes, coming home suddenly, he found the Scorpion, as he termed the boy, surreptitiously smoking his tobacco, and his sister industriously exploring the mysteries of his basket for materials with which to dress her doll.

They were rehearsing for the pantomime, and the theatre was as busy as a beehive. The stage was crowded with carpenters actively engaged in cutting out "profile," men and women, covering scenes with gold and silver leaf, and gasmen busily overhauling the numerous pipes and burners that were required to transform the dingy stage into the "halls of dazzling light." Underneath were men examining the machinery, and fastening new ropes to the traps and bridges; and from the flys, under the superintendence of the stage carpenter, busy arms were constantly lowering and hauling up an enormous amount of canvas hung upon quite a network of cordage, the control of which to the uninitiated was as easy of comprehension as a Chinese puzzle. A series of enormous masks, intended for the demon scene, were receiving their final touches from the hands of the property master and his assistants, who, in common with the occupants of the paint room and wardrobe, had been working night and day, and presented

quite a haggard appearance. Throughout the saloons and dressing rooms were sprinkled actors and actresses, trying over songs and dances. The refreshment saloon was occupied by the chorus ladies, who, under the direction of the *repététeur*, were endeavouring to acquire a knowledge of the music, whilst Digby and the stage manager, an old gentleman named Pomfrey, stood looking on.

Digby was not, and never had been, a ladies' man, in the usual acceptation of the term, yet neither was he insensible to the charms of the lovely sex. Towards one nymph, in particular, his eyes were constantly wandering. Ada Lewis, for such was the lady's name, was the possessor of a *petite* and exquisitely shaped figure. The sun, shining through the solitary window in the room, seemed as if striving to kiss the mass of wavy hair that surmounted her dainty head, whilst a pair of sparkling blue eyes, whose brilliancy almost withdrew attention from her delicately moulded nose and pouting lips, together with the tiniest of hands and feet, complete a somewhat imperfect description of the charms which assailed the susceptible heart of the poor prompter. Digby's attention was arrested, and his interest aroused, however, no less by her personal graces than by a refinement of manner that raised her above her associates. At some period of his life, nearly every man has seen or imagined the woman he would wish to make his wife, and some such thought now flitted across Digby's brain. But as he glanced at the mirror behind the bar, and for the first time noticed how shabby he had become, his heart sank within him; and, as his mind reverted to the lost time and neglected opportunities of his youth, he felt ashamed of the depth to which he had fallen. For once in his life he realised there was something infinitely preferable to the coarse fellowship engendered by beer and tobacco. At this moment, however, there was but little leisure for reflection, and as he hastily proceeded to superintend the setting of a scene, the promptings of his better nature were soon absorbed in business cares.

On Christmas Eve the pantomime was produced, with marked success. The following day there was the usual call for cuts and alterations. The ballet had made a mistake in a couple of figures, and were duly marshalled upon the stage and lectured by Mr. Pomfrey, when Digby, whose eyes had been roving in search of a familiar face amongst the chorus, suddenly mentioned that Miss Lewis was absent. "Oh! is she," said Pomfrey, who was one of those stage managers with whom punctuality at rehearsals is a virtue; "then fine her half-a-crown. And—ah—Digby, just send round to the house, and see what has prevented her coming. Unless it's something important, she can stop away altogether. I think the profession's going to the devil when even chits of chorus girls won't turn up when called." Miss Lewis lived with Mrs. Cook, one of the cleaners of the theatre; and, as soon as rehearsal was over, Digby made his way to her house. "Come in, Mr. Digby," said Mrs. Cook, as she opened the door; "a merry Christmas to you, sir. I was just a-comin' round to tell you that Miss Lewis has met with a haccident. I couldn't come afore, as there was no one in to mind the 'ouse. She slipped on the pavement last night, and, in falling, the doctor says she has twisted 'er hankle that bad as it'll likely be a fortnight or more afore she can walk. And, Mr. Digby," she continued, in a mysterious whisper, "I'm sure I don't know what the poor creature will do; for she's got no money, and I can't afford to keep 'er, when I've my 'usband out of work and three children to provide for. But if you'll wait a minute, I'll go and ask her if she'll see you." With these words, the good-natured old lady bustled away into the room, leaving him standing in the passage.

The manager of the Theatre Royal had for twenty years made it his custom every Christmas morning to call the heads of each department separately into the treasury, presenting to each an envelope containing a £5 note. In anticipation of the usual gift, Digby had for some time been speculating to what uses it should be devoted. After many weighty consultations with himself, he had at length resolved that, after liquidating sundry petty accounts with Mrs. Bloggins, and the obliging publican next door to the theatre, the balance should be

devoted to the purchase of a new top-coat; but as the landlady ushered him into the room, and he saw the poor girl, a bright idea suddenly visited him, and, with a face beaming with delight at his own ingenuity, he stammered out, "I'm— a— very sorry to hear of your accident, Miss Lewis, though perhaps it may not prove so serious as you imagine. I must tell you our manager heard of it this morning"—here he felt himself blushing painfully—"and— a— asked me to— a— come round and give you this as a Christmas present, with his compliments. But you know what a peculiar old chap he is, and— a— a— he strictly insisted upon one condition—that you were never to mention the subject again to him, for he doesn't like any fuss being made." As he spoke he had drawn out the crisp bank note, and giving it a farewell look, handed it to the astonished girl, who, unable to restrain herself, burst into tears whilst endeavouring to thank him. After hurriedly accepting an invitation to come and take dinner with the invalid, Digby rushed from the house, feeling a choking sensation in his throat, and a dimness of the eyes which were strangely at variance with the elation at the success of his kindly fraud. Fortunately Mrs. Bloggins had gone out upon a visit, leaving his dinner in charge of the Scorpion; so he was at liberty to make a somewhat elaborate toilet without being inconvenienced by her enquiries. After telling the young gentleman that he should not be at home till evening, Digby hurried off to keep his engagement with Miss Lewis. When he arrived at her rooms it was only to find that his generous *ruse* had been discovered. Once inside, and exposed to female cross-examination, Digby was obliged to confess the truth, but stoutly insisted upon Miss Lewis retaining the money, or forfeiting his friendship forthwith; so after many protestations of gratitude, the only effect of which was to make Digby shuffle still more uneasily, she consented to accept the money as a loan. After a first-rate dinner, during which Digby had the supreme felicity of waiting upon Miss Lewis, they became quite friendly. Certainly Ada Lewis fully deserved his admiration, for, in addition to a beautiful face and figure, she had received and profited by an excellent education. She related her simple history to him. Her mother had been dead for some years, and her father—a retired officer on half pay—had recently married a young wife, who did not care to have a grown-up daughter in the house. Sooner than cause dissension at home, she determined to leave it, and, firmly refusing all help, she resolved to earn her own living. Having always had a strong inclination for the stage, she determined to adopt it as a profession, but being without friends or money, had to commence at the foot of the ladder. This was only Miss Lewis' second engagement, and she was in terror lest, through the accident, her place should be filled up. Digby soon put her mind at ease upon that point, and when hinting that it was just possible that he might get her a small part to play before the end of the pantomime, she thanked him so heartily, and looked so pretty and winning, that poor Digby, forgetting all about his shabbiness and poverty, felt himself falling head over ears in love with her.

It was long since he had tasted the pleasures of female society, other than that of Mrs. Bloggins, and at first he could scarcely restrain a feeling of awkwardness; but now, fired with the desire to gain her favour, he poured forth a stream of lively anecdotes, and was merry and light-hearted enough to win the heart of any woman. Miss Lewis could not help liking the devil-may-care style of the man. All his qualities were those calculated to attract a woman. He was still handsome, free from petty vices, careless of money, and above all—readiest passport to a true woman's heart—he was unfortunate. Despite his position, he was still a gentleman, and had tried to help her with a delicacy that enlisted all her womanly sympathies, and made her feel an irresistible desire to wake the dormant energies of the man, and lead him to better and worthier things.

"Don't you think, Mr. Digby," she said, after listening to a humorous account of his early days, "that you have misused the great talents with which you have been gifted? You'll excuse me, I'm sure," she continued; "it is very impertinent on my part to lecture you thus, but I venture to speak as a friend; somewhat new, I admit, but none the less sincere on that account."

"Pray, don't apologise," said Digby, "I'm only too pleased to think that my affairs are of the slightest interest to you. Though I disagree with your flattering estimate of my abilities, yet I must plead guilty, I suppose, to the crime of carelessness. Certainly the amount of money I earn is very small, and the society in which I mix is not the most select, yet on the other hand I have no anxieties. My family and friends have politely cast me off, and there is no one who cares a cent for me. Therefore, by living a tolerably happy and contented, though comparatively humble and useless, life, I wrong no one but myself. Had my family been less prejudiced against my calling the result might have been different; but I'm too proud of the honour of being a humble member of the dramatic profession to resign it for any inducement that they might offer."

"Quite so," replied Miss Lewis, after a slight pause; "but don't you perceive that being thus careless of your future, and regardless of your advancement, you seemingly prove the justice of your friends' conclusions? If, by reference to your own case, you lead them to believe that enthusiasm in our profession, instead of elevating, only debases the man or woman who adopts it, you place a powerful weapon in their hands, and render justifiable what might otherwise be regarded as narrow-minded prejudice. In short, you are in the position of one who, under the pretence of defending a cause, betrays it to the enemy."

Digby was somewhat taken aback by this scathing criticism. In her earnestness she had placed her hand gently upon his arm, but that light touch seemed to Digby like an electric shock that shook the scales from his eyes, exposed in its nakedness the fallacy of his arguments, and carried instant conviction home to his heart. It was some moments before he could meet the gaze of those eyes that were turned pleadingly towards him; but during that time his brain had worked with the rapidity and comprehensiveness that characterise a dream. He had seen a glimpse of the right path, and in one moment his decision was made. "I begin to see what a fool I've been. I never looked at it in that light before. You have shown me what I have been blind to for years—that I have been leading a life injurious both to myself and my profession. But there, if you don't think it is too late in the day, I'll promise you faithfully I'll turn over a new leaf."

"That's right; and I'm sure your resolution, if manfully persisted in, will eventually bring its own reward. But here's Mrs. Cook, with the supper; how time has slipped by to be sure."

This reminded Digby that his stay had been somewhat prolonged, so, declining an invitation to remain, he went out into the falling snow. There was no fear of Mrs. Bloggins in his breast that night. All his thoughts were of the girl whose words of loving reproof and gentle counsel had at last awakened him to the errors of the past, and given him hope for the future. As he walked home, unconscious of the sleet and snow soaking through his jacket, and converting his worn-out boots into sponges, Digby's heart beat high with a new feeling. He was in love, and he vowed to keep the promise he had made to Ada Lewis. From that night a change came over him. It was scarcely noticeable at first, except by Mrs. Bloggins and her offspring, who found their various incursions checked in a manner that was at once novel and little to their liking; but gradually its effect was extended to the theatre, where an increased respect was involuntarily extended to him. Miss Lewis soon recovered sufficiently to resume her duties, and, during the last fortnight of the season, undertook a small part at a day's notice so successfully that she was re-engaged for the following pantomime to play the fairy queen. To add to her happiness she was also engaged, through Digby's influence, to play the "walking ladies" during the stock season at Manchester. They frequently met in the course of business, and occasionally Digby would obtain the much-prized privilege of seeing her safely home. Thus, whilst ingratiating himself still further in her regard, he gained from her the support his weak and yielding nature required to enable it to fight the first battles against self. Feeling certain that she was not unaware of, or displeased at, the impression she had made upon his heart, he determined

not to speak of love to her until he had retrieved his position. The next few months flew quietly by. At first they were full of discouragement and uphill work for poor Digby, but, aided by a love that absence only strengthened, his steady perseverance eventually prevailed, and when Mr. Pomfrey left to fulfil a London engagement, he tasted the first fruits of success in succeeding him as stage manager. With the consequent increase of salary, he was enabled to bid good-bye to Mrs. Bloggins and his former dingy lodgings. During all this time the personal appearance of Digby had been undergoing a wonderful change, and when Miss Lewis arrived to fulfil her Christmas engagement she looked with a surprised and admiring gaze upon the well-dressed gentleman who came to meet her, and whom she had some difficulty in recognising as the kindly-hearted, yet seedy, prompter of yore; and though she said nothing, her looks of gratification richly repaid him for all his struggles. During the progress of rehearsals Digby did not fail to improve the already strong hold he had gained upon her affections, but it was not until after the first performance that his pent-up feelings found an utterance.

It was early on Christmas morning, when, after partaking of the managerial cheer, and receiving its congratulations, they left the theatre together. As they walked slowly on in the direction of her lodgings, both minds reverted to their first meeting exactly twelve months before, and each heart was too full of gratitude to the other to permit of much talking. Digby felt that now was the time to plead his cause, but he would sooner have "gone on" for Hamlet at a minute's notice than broach the subject that lay nearest his heart. They had reached the house, and still he could not summon up courage enough to speak, when, luckily, he was unconsciously aided by Miss Lewis, who, noticing the abstracted manner in which he was answering her questions, said, "Whatever is the matter with you, Mr. Digby? You seem very depressed. Are you not satisfied with the results of to-night?" Digby, who had given up the idea of speaking to her in despair, was upon the point of ringing the bell, when suddenly he felt his opportunity had come. With an affected air of carelessness, though in reality the words almost choked his utterance, he slowly replied, "Well, I can scarcely say I am thoroughly satisfied with everything to-night." Then, in reply to her look of surprise, he hurriedly continued, "Miss Lewis—Ada—I can't bear to keep silence any longer. I'd sooner know the worst than remain in suspense. A year ago, when we first met, I was a poor, broken-down wretch, a social leper, with not a soul to care for me in the wide world. Since then I have striven—and, thank God, successfully—in some measure to redeem the past. In doing so I have had but one aim, one hope, which has grown with me day by day, aiding me in all my struggles, and preserving me from every temptation. It is, that I might win your love; that I might one day call you wife." "Your wife?" "Yes; but don't turn away from me. I know that the taint of my old life must in some measure cling to me still. But the fervent desire that I might one day become worthy of the woman I adore has made me a better man. For a year I have lived upon the hope that the confidence you placed in me twelve months ago might grow into a love that should bind us together for all time. I feel that it is presumption to speak to you thus, when you know what I have been——" "Yes, the kindest and most unselfish of men. Do you think I should be a woman, or deserving the love you offer me, if I could spurn the generous heart that helped me in my hour of need. No, I could not; and—Mr. Digby—when I gave you my confidence I did not reserve my love." "Ada!"

Following the playwright's example, we will drop the curtain upon this most effective *tableau*, the sequel of which can be easily guessed by the perusal of the following paragraph from a local newspaper:—

"The last night of the pantomime at the Theatre Royal was signalised by a pleasant incident which took place after the fall of the curtain. This was the presentation of a handsome gold watch and chain, accompanied by the congratulations of the company, to their respected stage manager, Mr. Howard Digby, upon his approaching marriage with Miss Ada Lewis, the lady who has so successfully impersonated the fairy queen during the run of the pantomime.

The Roving Tragedian.

BY EDWARD STIRLING.

A FEW years since, having a holiday, I sought Hastings, for my health trip. Sauntering one morning over the beach, I heard loud shouts of laughter, and cries of "Go it, Jerry; give it us again." The cracked sounds of a tin trumpet led me to the cause of this uproar. To my astonishment, I saw one of the attendants of Clarkson, who supplied Drury Lane Theatre with wigs, soap, and towels. I had frequently reprimanded this man for his conduct in the theatre; trying to act and imitate the performers in the dressing rooms, and he had uniformly excused himself by saying the actors bribed him to do it, and that he, as "Richard the Third," after "Phelps," died three times nightly on Bosworth Field—(a dressing-room floor) for half a pint of ale. They, the rogues of actors, told him he was a genius, and that he ought to cut soap for Shakespere. He did so at the termination of the season. He was dressed in faded black, and was attended by a small boy, carrying a white calico banner, black lettered, stating that Mr. Jeremiah Fitz-Wilks, from the National Theatre, Drury Lane, London, would give his celebrated imitations of great London Actors—viz., C. Kemble, Vandenhoff, Charles Kean, Barry Sullivan, Samuel Phelps, and the "Bones" from the Christy Minstrels, St. James's Hall; also a Song and Nigger Breakdown. Being out of an engagement, and having a wife and six children to keep, he threw himself on the tender-hearted British Public! Loud cries were raised for Mr. Fitz-Wilks. He bowed, and begged them to remember that he came *from* Drury Lane. He got his answer from the crowd: "And a *long way from* it, I'll lay." After each entertainment the boy went round with a hat to collect pence. Jerry's eye caught mine, and it acted like an electric shock upon his features. He carefully worked his way to my side, and whispered, "Don't blow on me and my helpless kids, sir; good luck to you. This dodge turns in seven or eight shillings a day. I give pitches day and night." Suddenly he calls to boy, "Billy, look out, the old 'un in the wheel chair's going," and, returning to me, he says, "She always drops a tanner a day to feed the children." The trumpet now sounds, and the show is going to begin, and it is like this:—

Mr. Charles Kean as "Macbeth."—Starting boldly, and pointing. "Is that a dagger which I see before me, the handle towards my hand? Come, let me clutch thee." (Seizes boy's hair. Loud howl from Master Billy, and "I'll tell my mother." *Female voice:* "Pretty dear, loves his mammy." *Tragedian:* "That he does, next to hard-bake.") Listens: "The bell—hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell that summons thee to heaven or hell." "I have done the deed; did'st thou not hear a noise? He's talking to his wife, mind." (Applause.)

Mr. Vandenhoff as "Hamlet the Dane"—Our Princess of Wales is a Royal Dane.—"Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt!" *Coarse Fisherman:* "Thee's got none to melt, man." "Order, order!" "Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Be thou a spirit of health, or a goblin damned, I will speak to thee! I'll call thee king, father, royal Dane." To his audience: "To them that don't know Shakespere, I'm talking to his father's ghost."

Barry Sullivan as "Richard the Third," the humpback king, that cooked his two young nephews in the Tower of London.—Rushing madly forward. "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious by the sun of York." Kneeling. "Take up this," throwing down his hat, "or me." A cry, "Who's your hatter?" Starting up. "Was ever woman in this humour wooed?" Very loud, "A horse, a horse; my kingdom for a horse!" *Funny man in crowd:* "Won't one of Dick Jones's donkeys do?" (Much merriment.)

Charles Kemble, as "Romeo" in "Romeo and Juliet."—To crowd: "Look there." Points to a balcony. "You must suppose Juliet waiting for her young man." "But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is my lady; and

'tis my love." "Oh blessed, blessed night, I'm afeared." "Being night, all this is but a dream." *Funny man:* "Wake up, then, or you'll catch the nightmare!"

"*Bones from London.*"—A breakdown, accompanied with bones, finished this grotesque entertainment, amidst loud applause; and then came "Ladies and gents., thank you (bowing). Don't forget to-night, on the Parade." Crowd gradually disperses, laughing. Fitz-Wilks, to boy, "How much?" Taking the money from his hat, and coming towards me, he whispered, "Keep the soap and towels dark, sir, while you are here. Good luck to you; dare say you stared to see me here. I went on the stage when Drury closed, joined a travelling sharing company at twelve shillings a week—to deliver bills in the day and messages on the stage at night. When Saturday came round my share was sometimes nothing; never rising above five or six bob; so I cut it, and went on a travelling tour myself. It's turned up trumps." Enquiring if Master Billy was his eldest, he chuckled, "Lor, no, sir, I've neither chick nor child. He's a cobbler's boy I hired for sixpence a day, his keep, and scrubbing." "Scrubbing," I repeated, "what do you mean?" "This, my wife scrubs his pinafore, shoes, and face to make him look decent. Nothing goes down better at these sea-side-places than appearances. That's why all the gals dress up so; to catch the young swells, like flies on sticky paper, all alive, oh! I'm on the Parade every night after dark. That's the place to see me—three witches in *Macbeth* stirring up their burning cauldron—an old tin saucepan, and real red fire. That fetches 'em—they bite like gudgeons. Good day, sir; my hot stew's ready—and please, sir, don't blow about my six kids."

I did not, but endeavoured to avoid his tin trumpet during my stay in Hastings.

"I WILL HAVE MY BOND" (*Merchant of Venice*).—Meyerbeer's magnificent opera, *Les Huguenots*, was arranged for, after the success of *Robert le Diable*, by Monsieur Véron, who bound the grand composer to have the work completed by a certain day, under a penalty of 30,000 francs. He himself had restrictive conditions as to delay, as well as the musician, but the latter was after his time, and Véron expected the fine. This determination to have his bond prevented Véron from ever possessing the opera. Meyerbeer was wounded at the severity of the proceeding, and while the director remained at his post the composer persistently withheld his score. Duponchel, Véron's successor, the inheritor of the result of the late manager's blunders, with much difficulty induced Meyerbeer to surrender the precious MS. to him. The composer, throughout the arguments, showed to Duponchel that the loss of the money was the least thing that had wounded him, Duponchel wished to remove all ill feeling by handing him the whole sum back, but Meyerbeer, who knew that 10,000 francs had gone to the librettist (Scribe), would only accept from the director of the opera the 20,000 francs that had enriched the treasury of the theatre. As the author got 5,000 francs for his book before a note was sung, and pocketed the 10,000 francs fine in the bargain, it cannot be said that, for those days, he was badly paid. But Scribe was not a bourgeois for nothing!

THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.—Monsieur Véron, enriched by his Pâte Regnault (long advertised as a specific for colds), and celebrated by his directorship of the French Opera, was but human after all. He had some few superstitious prejudices. He would never start for a journey on a Friday, he would not begin anything on that day; he would, indeed, almost as soon do so on the thirteenth of the month. In his apprehension, the Ides of March were not more serious for Julius Cæsar than the thirteenth of every month was for himself. Thirteen at table, also, was a number as alarming to Monsieur Véron as it had been to those guests who were so pleasantly reassured by Dean Swift. One evening he had invited a goodly number of his friends to dine with him at his residence in the Rue Taitbout, at seven o'clock, sharp. The musical little clock in the drawing-room had just struck the hour when it was discovered that two guests had not arrived; thus the number to sit down at table would be *thirteen*. Such a thing was not to be thought of. They sent messengers for the missing guests; one of the company hurried round to Les Trois Frères, to waylay some friend going in to dine by himself, and to bring him back in triumph as the fourteenth, but all in vain. Fate was immovable. Not so the hands of the clock, whose little chimes told, with pitiless rapidity, that the hour was passing away in quarters, and warned the fasting company that the dinner was being spoilt. At last a famished wretch asked, despondingly, "Who is in that room with a light at the top of the house facing the street?" "Oh," answered Véron, "it is the son of my coachman, who remains at home to help groom the horses." "Groom the horses!" exclaimed the guest; "let him groom himself; we will sponge him, eau-de-cologne him, and serve him at table." The proposal was no sooner made than it was acted upon, and in a quarter of an hour the fourteenth guest made his appearance, and Monsieur Véron led the way to the *salle-à-manger*. The dinner was a little overdone, the cooks were in despair, but the Furies had been propitiated.

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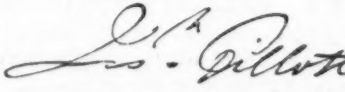

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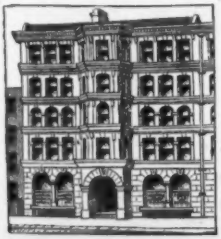

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Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

Frampton's Pill of Health.

This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, and spasms.

For FEMALES, these pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and gives a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

MEMBERS OF THE THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL PROFESSIONS
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All communications to be addressed to the Secretary,
C. G. COMPTON, 8, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.

Instituted January 22, 1839. Incorporated by Royal Charter, January 29, 1853.

Patroness—HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Patron—HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Trustees—HENRY IRVING, Esq., ALFRED de ROTHSCHILD, Esq., and J. L. TOOLE, Esq.

Honorary Treasurer and Director—THOMAS SWINBOURNE, Esq.

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FOR GRANTING PERMANENT ANNUITIES TO ACTORS, ACTRESSES, CHORUS SINGERS, DANCERS, PANTOMIMISTS, PROMPTERS, ACTING MANAGERS, STAGE MANAGERS, TREASURERS, SCENIC ARTISTS, AND WHO ARE NOT MEMBERS OF THE DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN FUNDS.

CLAIMANTS ON THE FUNDS.

That any Member of this Association, who shall have regularly contributed to its Funds for the term of seven years, shall, at any time afterwards, on becoming incapacitated by accident, or infirmity, from exercising his or her duties as an Actor or Actress, Singer or Dancer, be entitled to receive such Annuity for life as the annual available income of the Funds of the Association shall from year to year afford; such Annuity to be, in each case, calculated and apportioned according to the class of Subscription which the Member shall have adopted and paid.

If any Member shall die at any period after the commencement of his or her Membership, the sum of Ten Pounds shall be allowed to be paid out of the Funds of the Association for funeral expenses.

NO ADMISSION FEES.

SCALE OF QUARTERLY PAYMENTS.

Age next Birthday	Class A.	Class B.	Class C.	Age next Birthday	Class A.	Class B.	Class C.
Years	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Years	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
21	0 11 0	1 2 0	1 13 0	35	1 10 7½	3 1 3	4 11 10½
22	0 11 7½	1 3 3	1 14 10½	36	1 13 9	3 7 6	5 1 3
23	0 12 4½	1 4 9	1 17 1½	37	1 17 4½	3 14 9	5 12 1½
24	0 13 3	1 6 6	1 19 9	38	2 1 6	4 3 0	6 4 6
25	0 14 1½	1 8 3	2 2 4½	39	2 6 9	4 13 6	7 0 3
26	0 15 1½	1 10 3	2 5 4½	40	2 13 0	5 6 0	7 19 0
27	0 16 3	1 12 6	2 8 9	41	3 0 10½	6 1 9	9 2 7½
28	0 17 6	1 15 0	2 12 6	42	3 11 1½	7 2 3	10 13 4½
29	0 18 9	1 17 6	2 16 3	43	4 0 0	8 0 0	12 0 0
30	1 0 3	2 0 6	3 0 9	44	4 10 7½	9 1 3	13 11 10½
31	1 1 10½	2 3 9	3 5 7½	45	5 3 9	10 7 6	15 11 3
32	1 3 7½	2 7 3	3 10 10½	46	6 0 4½	12 0 9	18 1 1½
33	1 5 7½	2 11 3	3 16 10½	47	7 1 9	14 3 6	21 5 3
34	1 8 0	2 16 0	4 4 0	48 and upwards	8 10 4½	17 0 9	25 11 1

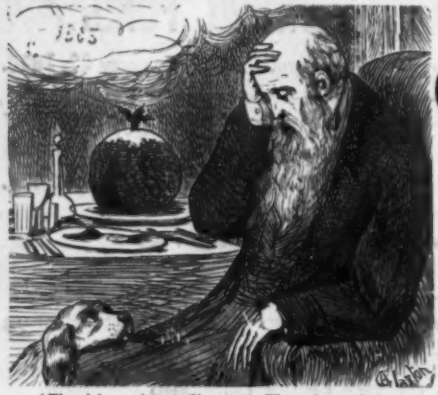
The payments of Female Members cease when they have completed their Fifty-fifth year.

All communications to be addressed to the

Secretary, CHARLES J. DAVIES,

The Fund Office, Catherine Chambers, 8, Catherine Street, Strand, W.C.

'Be the day weary, or be the day long, At length it ringeth to evensong.'



'The rich man's guardian,
The poor man's friend,
The only creature
Faithful to the end.'

ACCIDENTAL INDIGESTION.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Use Eno's Fruit Salt.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE:

GOOD FOOD.

How to enjoy Good Food that would otherwise cause Bilious Headache, Disordered Stomach, Poisoned Blood, &c.—Use

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

Prepared from Sound Ripe Fruit, as a Health-giving, Cooling, Sparkling, and Invigorating Beverage for any Season.

It is the best preventive and cure for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Fevers, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Feverishness, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of errors of Eating and Drinking.

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HEALTH, and the things we love, and those who love us.

FOR HEALTH USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT,

And read a large Illustrated Sheet given with each Bottle.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—"We have for the last four years used your FRUIT SALT during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of FRUIT SALT had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or tramping through swampy districts, we have used the FRUIT SALT two and three times a day. The FRUIT SALT acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go in the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOFTUS, F.R.G.S., His Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs.—Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883.—J. C. ENO, Esq., London.

PRESERVING AND RESTORING HEALTH.—The FRUIT SALT acts as simply yet just as powerfully on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world; it has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion, and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.

STIMULANTS and insufficient amount of exercise frequently derange the liver. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

"All our customers for ENO'S FRUIT SALT would not be without it upon any consideration, they having received so much benefit from it."—WOOD BROTHERS, Chemists, Jersey, 1878.

From the Rev. Dr. HURST, Vicar of Collerly:—"I have used your Fruit Salt for many years, and have verified your statements. The thanks of the public are due to you for your unceasing efforts to relieve suffering humanity. Long may you live to be a blessing to the world."

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two-and-a-half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your Fruit Salt, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly,

"ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

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Examine each bottle and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT."
Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists.
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